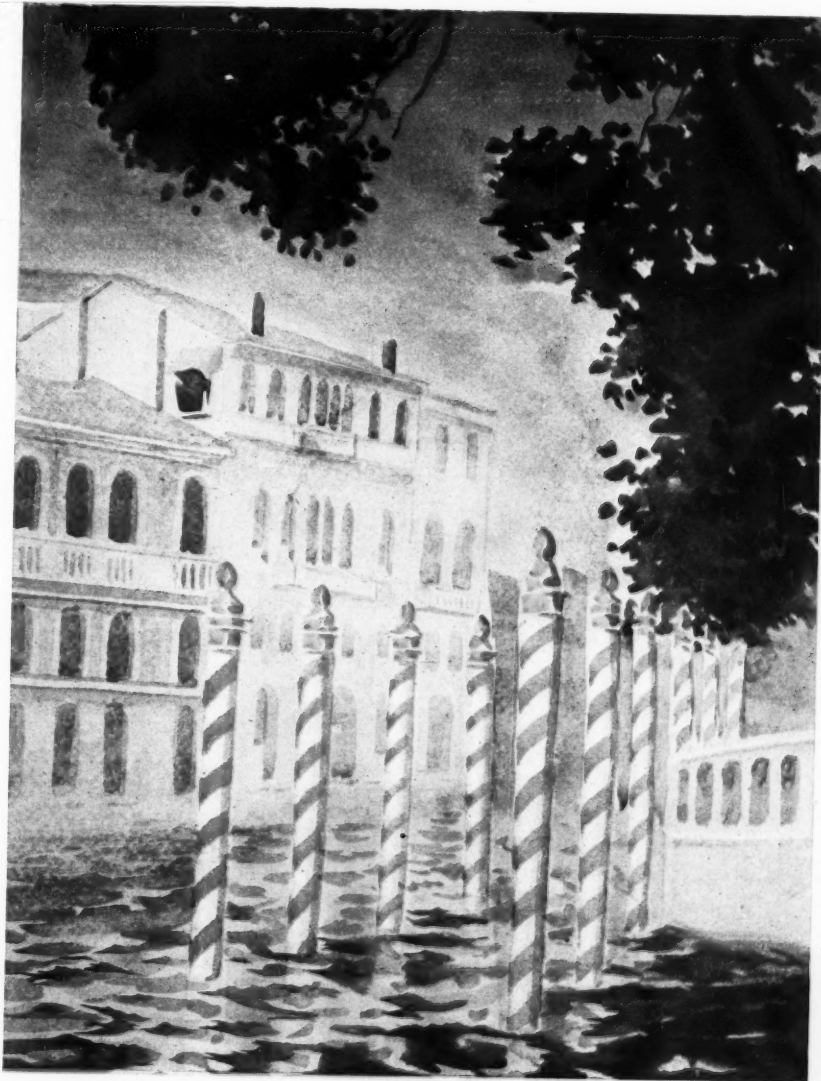


The SILENT WORKER



*Venice—The Grand Canal.
After water color by Kelly H. Stevens.*

JUNE 1925
Vol. 37 No. 9

25 Cents
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NOTICE!

To

Deaf Artists

of the World

THE SILENT WORKER intends to
make the October number an

Art Issue

You are cordially invited to send photographs of your best work for reproduction to

THE SILENT WORKER
Trenton, New Jersey

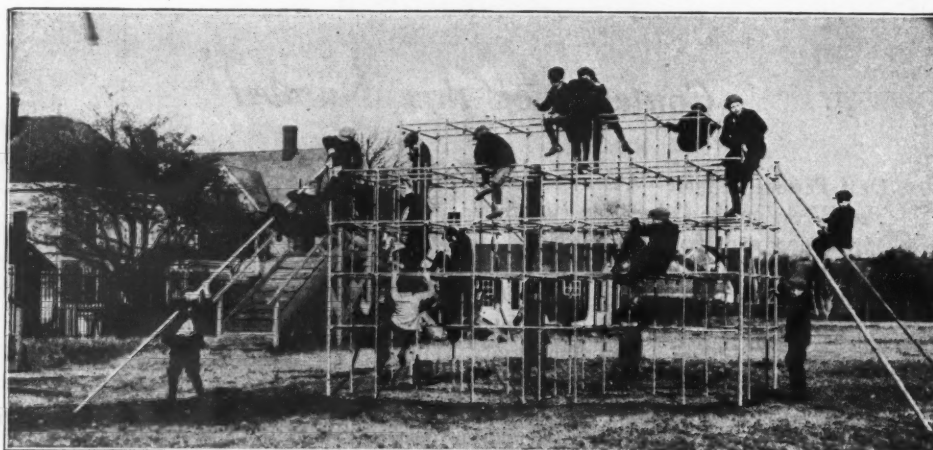
Contents of this Number

| | PAGE |
|---|---------|
| Deaf Persons of Note—Alexander Lester Pach. (<i>frontispiece</i>) | 411 |
| Ten Weeks on the Other Side (<i>illustrated</i>). By Kelly H. Stevens | 412 |
| Mr. Kenner and His Mountain Home (<i>illustrated</i>). By The Chronicler ... | 419 |
| For Sleepy People (<i>illustrated</i>) By Ersatz Veritas .. | 421 |
| Public Opinion (<i>illustrated</i>). By Dr. J. H. Cloud | 422 |
| Angelenograms (<i>illustrated</i>). By Augusta K. Barrett | 425 |
| Banquet to Celebrate Second Anniversary, Wilmington Silent Club (<i>illustrated</i>). | 428 |
| Windy City Observations. By Thomas O. Gray | 430 |
| Home of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Gouldston (<i>photo</i>). | 430 |
| Mutes as Skilful Drivers; Miama, Florida; Mr. Veditz's Hobby (<i>illustrated</i>). Across the Big Pond (<i>illustrated</i>). | 431 |
| With The Silent Workers. By Alexander L. Pach | 432 |
| Difficulties of Ours VIII. (<i>cartoon</i>). By George Olson | 433 |
| Editorials | 434 |
| A Japanese Magazine; Complaints; Perhaps; Deaf Artists; Be Careful; Vale | |
| Statement of Proposed Work for the Deaf at Toro. By Miss Attlee | 436 |
| The Argonaut (<i>illustrated</i>). By J. W. Howson | 437 |
| Obituary—Gertrude Beeckman McGovern (<i>photo</i>); Rev. George Henry Hefflin | 441-453 |
| With The Cross-Word Puzzles Fans. By Gordon B. Allen | 442 |
| Athletics (<i>illustrated</i>). By F. A. Moore | 443 |
| Albert Berg; Buffalo Sacs; Bowling—Silent Recreational League of St. Paul. | |
| National Association of the Deaf (<i>illustrated</i>). By F. A. Moore | 446 |
| Long Horns (<i>illustrated</i>). By Troy E. Hill | 447 |
| Gallaudet College. By Margaret E. Jackson | 450 |
| Types of Children of Deaf Parents (<i>illustrated</i>). | 451 |
| A Few Facts About the Deaf in China | 452 |
| Editorials from the Type Metal Magazine | 454 |
| The Deaf World. By Kelly Stevens | 455 |



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A Play Apparatus---Not An Amusement Device

The Silent Worker

An Illustrated Monthly Magazine For, By and About the Deaf of the English-Reading World

Volume 37, No. 9

Trenton, N. J., June, 1925

25 cents the Copy

Deaf Persons of Note



ALEXANDER L. PACH

Always first with his pen to champion the rights of his fellow Deaf

A. L. PACH PHOTO.

Ten Weeks on *the* Other Side

By KELLY H. STEVENS



HE LINE that passes through the Simplon Tunnel is electrified, so the half-hour spent in passing through was free from dust and smoke. To my disappointment the beauty of the Italian lakes was quenched behind a heavy curtain of rain as the train bore us down from the Alps into Italy.

The car was full of Americans bound like myself for Milan. We soon understood, despite our ignorance of the language, that we were all on the wrong train. Our salvation was an American girl, a student living in Italy. She came to our aid, dispensed information, acted as interpreter and piloted us through two changes of cars at small way stations until we were finally settled on the Milan Express. At the frontier a few words of Italian from her passed my luggage through the customs without so much as a look at the contents.

At Milan it was still pouring. After omnibussing with other tired Americans to the hotel, the rain kept me in until just at twilight when I ventured out and discovered the great bulk of the Cathedral looming gray above the lights of the square.

Next day, in clear sunlight, I went back to the Cathedral—now of a gleaming whiteness, and climbed to the top of the tall central tower where a wonderful view of the city and the plains of North Italy greeted my eyes. Towards the south the Apennines could be seen traced in faint violet on the horizon, to the north and west the mighty Alps rosy and iridescent in the morning light like far-off ethereal temples in the sky. Looking down I noted that the roof of the edifice is made of heavy slabs of marble—the wonder was that the columns below could support such weight. Most impressive are the forest of pinnacles and their multitude of statues that rise from the roof like inverted icicles of white marble. The delicate lace-like tracery and the hundreds of statues which adorn and surmount the spires are all of a white marble of a peculiar hardness which shows no sign of disintegration. This symphony in stone rises several hundreds of feet above the earth and from the topmost spire you looked down into it all. The effect was tremendous.

Visits to the Ambrosian Library, of which the present Pope was formerly librarian, and to the Brera Gallery rounded out the morning. After the Brera was "done" it was the turn of Santa Maria delle Grazie where the famous Last Supper of Leonardo da Vinci is housed. The painting is on one end wall of a long refectory in what was formerly a Dominican monastery and it is magnificent—a magnificent ruin! The flaking off of the paint from the plaster coupled with successive repaintings and restorations have made the great picture but a shadow of what is must originally have been. Luckily a good copy of it exists in the Ambrosiana.

Taxicabbing helped me make the most of this day in Milan. Taxicab again—and this time to the Castello—the former

home of the Sforza family—an enormous red brick fortress with two flanking towers of granite. The castle is built around several courtyards and is now a museum. It has been much restored, but still gives one an idea of what the home of a powerful Italian family was like in the Fifteenth Century. I visualized the drilling of the men at arms, the bustle in preparation for battle, the swarms of courtiers in their showy garments and all the splendors of the court of Ludovico the Moor.

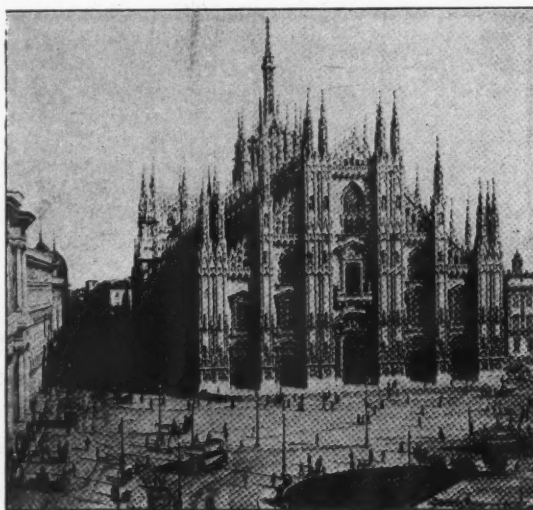
Milan has a busy and modern air due to its being the center of a large agricultural and industrial region. The shops are superb and the city has an air of general prosperity. As for traffic system in Milan there simply isn't any tho there are traffic cops who stand in the middle of some crossings and languidly wave their hands this way or that. The automobiles dart recklessly here and there until one wonders why no accidents take place. The drivers seem to try to follow the English rule of keep-to-the-left but with indifferent success.

One encounters a great deal of real courtesy in Italy—more than one commonly meets with in America and I like to believe that it is not all founded on the hope of receiving tips. Indeed I must revise my idea of Italians since seeing these people of the North of Italy. They are not swarthy or stocky like their humbler brothers who perform so much of America's necessary labor. The great majority of the people on the streets have fair complexions and there are many fair-haired people. Blue eyes are as common as brown. The people impress one as being very fastidious in dress and the matter of personal cleanliness. In dress they are fully

as smart as Americans. One does not see so many women on the streets alone. Men form the large majority of pedestrians and cafe frequenters. Very noticeable are the gesticulations used while talking, sometimes very impressive and sweeping. Even the little tots gesticulate.

The Italians have a splendid knowledge of architecture. The buildings in Italy impress me with their excellence in construction and design. Stone and cement are used almost exclusively for the walls and baked red tile for the roofs. The facades are usually forbidding with their tightly barred and shuttered windows, but inside—what coolness and light. The rooms open on a central courtyard or garden. There are usually cloisters adorned with stone benches and statues and with frescoes. Walking past the entrances, to the courtyards one gets from the streets delightful glimpses of sculpture amid plants and flowers.

Next morning I was on my way to Venice—a beautiful ride of nearly all day through the Lombard plains where I could glimpse snowed-capped Alps in the distance, and hill towns, terraced farms, churches and campaniles and old castles. We skirted beautiful Lake Garda, whose waters were the bright-



The white marble Cathedral at Milan, one of the largest in the world raises thousands of pinnacles into the sky.

est shade of blue that I could believe possible and passed the old cities of Verona and Padua. It was not until that afternoon when I noticed that we were drawing near the mountains again that I sensed something was wrong. I had been put on a car in Milan with the assurance that it went direct to Venice, but it developed that it was bound for Vienna. The trainman had not told me that I should have changed at a small station somewhere along the line. I promptly raised cain and was put off at the next station, a tiny little town on the bank of the Piave. Luckily the clerk at the station there knew some French. With the aid of that and the old reliable sign language I had it fixed up to return to Venice on the next train. There ensued a wait of three hours which I used to explore this little Piave village and the surrounding country. At this spot some of the fiercest fighting between the Italians and Austrians took place during the war. Everywhere there were old shell holes, roofless riddled buildings, piles of shells dug up from the fields. But everywhere were signs of reconstruction—two fine stone bridges spanning the Piave, a new station and hotel and many new homes all finished, and other buildings in process of erection.

The country people were interesting. Tanned almost as brown as their own soil they had fair hair and blue eyes, and went barefoot or wore sandals. Their conveyances are rude home-made carts drawn by teams of white oxen. These people seemed to be excellent husbandmen, to judge from their farms and fields. There are no weedy borders, every inch of space being utilized. Orchards abound, an interesting sight in these being the way the same space is used for growing both pears and grapes. In a row of pear trees a cross pole is tied in the lowest crotch of each tree, and from the ends of the pole wires are strung to the ends of the pole in the adjoining trees. The grape vines are trained to grow up the trunk of the pear trees, mass themselves on the poles and run out along the wires. I noted fields of Indian corn, sycamore, peach and locust trees in abundance and plenty of trumpet vines, magnolias, and oleanders, just like those grown in our own South.

My involuntary excursion to the Piave brought me to Venice some hours behind my schedule. Night was just falling and the sky and canals were a deep blue, spangled with stars. At the station I took a gondola (another childhood dream

realized) down the canal, moon, and sky, and lights all reflected in the water. The time and scene were most romantic, but being hot and tired from the long day's journey I was only too glad to take a bath and crawl beneath the mosquito netting.

Venice, August First.

Dear Al:—

Your one and only prejudice against Venice must be dropped—there are no Venetian blinds here! The type that used to adorn your windows, that were manipulated with a myriad strings and had a disconcerting habit of coming down with a bang when you tried to adjust them do not exist here. I have peered at Venetian windows for two days but haven't spotted one yet. There are heavy wooden shutters that fit over doors and windows in case of storm. To exclude the hot sun the Venetians use long curtains of heavy material in the doors and windows and these rumple up and down on strings. The church doors are invariably hung with rich heavy stuff of crimson.

The gondolas are as thick as peas and even the steam launches which dash up and down the Grand Canal do not seem to have affected their popularity. The gondolas are long and black and the most graceful things as to form in the whole category of boats. I cannot imagine a boat more graceful, but I certainly can a more practical one. They are very unscientific in shape—could be made much smaller in size, to lie lower in the water and to be propelled more easily and swiftly. That would rob them of their beauty tho. The gondolier stands on one end and both steers and propels the boat with one long narrow oar. His grace and dexterity are marvelous. He stands on tiptoe, inclined forward and poised like a bird about to take wing as he bends over his oar. The gondolas seem never to collide with or scrape each other even in a perfect melee of them. And they don't brush the corners in turning or the curbs in landing, so skillful are the boatmen in handling them. Besides the gondoliers there is a class of men who make a living by haunting the stone quays. They catch the gondolas as they near the steps and hold them while you get in or out, then present their hats for coppers.

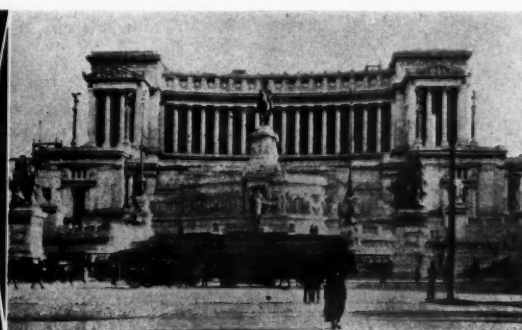
This hotel is a large one frequented (and spoiled) by Americans. It is on the Grand Canal directly opposite the beautiful church of Santa Maria della Salute (St. Mary



Sacred in Christian annals—the Via Appia leading into Rome.



From the Appian Way one sees the ancient aqueduct of Claudius.



Rome's most imposing memorial, dedicated to Victor Emanuel.

of Safety) which the Venetians built some hundreds of years ago as a votive offering to the Virgin for stopping the Black Plague. The plague spread across the city until it reached this site. Here it stopped, and like the plague I am stopping here too.

The "skeeters" are of course very bad so every night I am reminded of former camping trips. My bed is completely enveloped in a voluminous net which stretches from ceiling to floor. It is one of the little rites of the chambermaid to come in about sundown and fix the net. I don't believe there is a single window screen in Italy—in all Europe for that matter.

St. Mark's Square is the most interesting place in Venice. You go out the side door of the hotel, follow a few narrow streets and cross a bridge and you are there. The large square is surrounded on three sides by fine arcaded buildings which house expensive shops. On the fourth side the facade of St. Mark's fills the space and the Campanile (a new one, a replica of the old which collapsed a few years ago and was narrowly averted from crashing directly onto the church) stands apart and a little to one side of the square.

The Cathedral of St. Mark is absolutely unique—the strangest sort of a building I ever saw, and still very beautiful despite its hodge-podge of this and that and its complete lack of unity. It does not give you a thrill like the great cathedrals of England and France—does not impart a sense of estatic elevation. But its details are very interesting. Inside it is one mass of gold mosaic set with colored figures and outside it is of colored marbles and mosaic veneered over brick. The domes are of sheet metal. It is not very high but spreads out over a great deal of space. The floor has many undulations and the columns all incline out of the vertical due to the unstable foundations.

The Doges' Palace, really the "city hall" stands to the left of St. Mark's and just off the Square. Artistically it is very satisfying with its wonderful rooms with gilded carving and paintings by Tintoretto, Paul Veronese and Titian. I gave yesterday morning to viewing its glories—and its crimes—the damp foul old dungeons down beneath the water level, mercifully no longer in use. From the top of the Campanile, which is ascended by elevator, you get a splendid view of all Venice, laid out like a map at your feet, the distant Adriatic and the shadowy mainland.

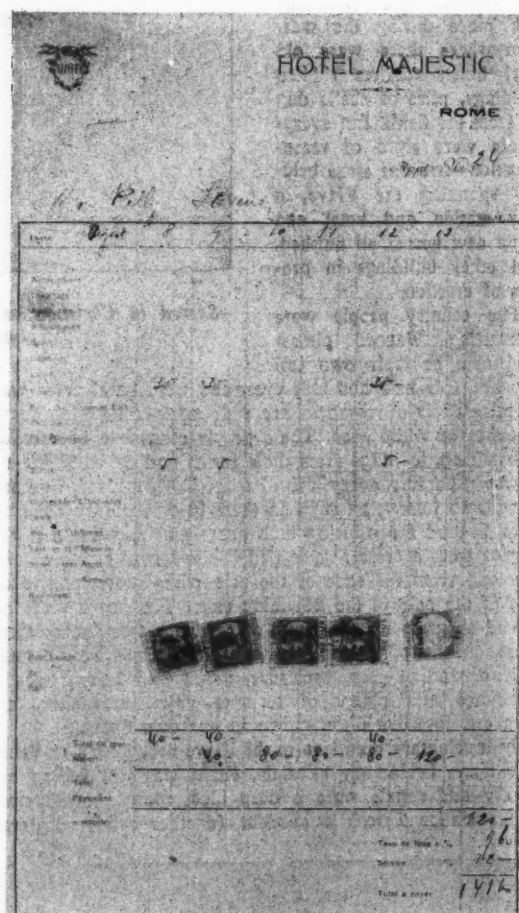
Everywhere, particularly near the churches, may be seen the destruction wrought by Austrian and German bombs. At every spot where a bomb fell the Italians have placed a tablet: *Bomba Austurica*, with the date of the dastardly deed. One fell directly in front of St. Mark's. Luckily the facade was sandbagged and only a few nicks were chipped out of the columns. At the Church of St. John and Paul I noted a smiliar tablet and where the cornice and part of the roof had been blasted away. Scattered everywhere over Venice these tablets must be pleasant (?) reminders to the German tourists now thronging Venice to behold its treasures which they coveted and being unable to capture attempted to destroy.

After the novelty of it has worn off Venice is not so romantic as you would imagine. It is inconvenient and rather unkempt and the stench of the sewer gas in the smaller canals is something awful. No wonder the Venetians withstood the Austrian gas attacks so well. Nearly everything has an air of decay. The houses sag in or out or lean up against each other due to the shifting of the piles upon which they are founded. Venice is built of brick—a beautiful rose-colored brick. The more pretentious buildings are sheathed over with marble and carved stone and mosaic, the others with mortar. The trim is always white marble which the calcining action of the moist air has rendered a chalky white. There is little of the brilliant color that the rhapsodies of artists impart to Venice. That departed with the pageantry of three hundred

years ago. The colors are extremely soft and beautiful—a scale of greys, greens, rose, chalky white, and black, with bright notes in the mosaics and a few red and yellow sails. At sunset the colors all brighten up and Venice seems like a dream city then.

Besides the gondolas and the steam launches—these latter correspond to street cars and have fixed stations—there are the produce boats which come in from the mainland every morning. Poled by brown men and boys they bring eggs, vegetables and fruit. The bright fruit peeps out from among green leaves in which it is wrapped.

The shops here are full of wonderful work in glass, leather, silk brocade and gold and silver. Everything that is rich and rare seems to abound. One can easily believe that all the people who are not poling gondolas and working in hotels are engaged in making leather and glass souvenirs. The shops open like oriental bazars onto the narrow streets



Your hotel bill bears a row of stamps.

and line the squares. There aren't any bicycles or autos to dodge here. The streets run higgledy-piggledy every which way and cross the canals on graceful bridges. It is lots of fun to explore them for they open up new delights to the eye, squares with fountains, churches with beautiful facades, glimpses of canals and bridges, gardens of oranges and oleanders, and so on. At first I took Venice for a city of barber shops before I realized that the brightly striped poles in the canals before each house were used for mooring boats.

If there is any country more tax-burdened than Italy I do not know of it. For an example of the extremes to which

petty taxation goes there is the stamp tax. Every advertisement, every placard or poster put up on the walls, in shops or store windows must pay a tax and bear a stamp. The stranger within the gates is compelled to bear his share. Your hotel bill has a row of stamps on it showing that you have paid certain taxes. There are two principal taxes that you pay: the tax de luxe on your entire bill, and the sojourn tax which is by the day. In addition the hotel adds 10% to your bill for "service" which is distributed among the servants for tips. This saves you from doing the tipping yourself and insures good service. Cafes and restaurants follow the same 10% rule.

August Third...

While bumming around St. Mark's Square yesterday evening I saw two deaf men talking, and taking them for Americans accosted them in signs. I soon found my mistake. They were Italians and the similarity of their signs had fooled me. We got on beautifully by using natural signs and writing, on their part, in Italian. I am a good guesser at words by now and the shades of Caesar and Cicero came to my aid. Their finger spelling is somewhat similiar and many of the signs are identical with those used by the American deaf. These cordial and friendly young men are brothers. They took me to a small *campo* or square behind St. Mark's where the deaf are in the habit of congregating on fine evenings. Only a few appeared so we went later to a cafe where the deaf meet to talk, drink, and play cards. Here I met about a dozen deaf men, all very friendly and very fine in manners though hardly of any high education.

The Stefani brothers work in a factory that produces the fine tooled and colored Venetian leather. They earn twenty lire a day—think of it, only about one dollar a day for skilled craftsmanship. Their hours are 8—12 and 2—6. All of the other men I met are cabinet makers, doing skilled hand work for only twenty seven lire a day—about \$1.35.

The Stefani called for me this afternoon, my last in Venice, and piloted me all afternoon and evening through the mazes of Venice to see many old nooks and corners, old churches and campaniles, statues and plazas, arcades and ancient decaying palaces that the average tourist never sees. In the evening we went up and down the campo where a vast crowd was promenading and listening to the band in the center of the Square.

By gondola to the station to catch the 3:05 train, which, like all Italian trains, was fifteen or twenty minutes late in starting. Trains are often hours late, but nobody cares except the tourists. It all fits in with the what's-the-use-to-hurry attitude of Italy. The train stops while the engineer calls on his innamorata at some way station, to let the brakemen pick flowers along the right of way, to allow the conductor to buy a lunch or take a glass of birra. When it finally pulls into a station there is a great deal of stir and bustle on the part of officials of all ranks and degrees of which there are swarms all around and another long wait until the engine makes up its mind to start again. All joking aside, the notorious inefficiency of the Italian railroads may be laid to the fact that they are government owned and operated.

I finally reached Florence late at night. Of this beautiful city more later. Love as always.

KELLY.

Florence, August Fifth.

Dear Homefolks:—

For the first morning in this city of Medicean magnificence my awaking was very rude. Along in the cool sweet hours I was suddenly roused by sharp sounds like shots just below my window. Visions of a real vendetta in progress or of a fight between Fascisti and Reds caused me to spring out of bed. The shots continued, now abating, now increasing. When I finally opened one blind enough to peep timidly

out, it proved to be only a continuous line of carts coming in from the country loaded with wine casks and produce. The sharp sounds were the cracking of drivers' whips. I am not going to need any alarm clock to get me up early these mornings in Florence. Sleep is impossible after six o' clock.

Almost beneath my balcony flows the Arno. It cuts the city into two halves and is spanned by five stone bridges of which one—the Ponte Vecchio—has two rows of houses on it. They stick out over the water and give promise of sliding in any minute.

This morning with a party of Cook's to the famous Baptistery and to the interior of the Cathedral where mass was being said. Italian, in fact many European churches, are so large that parties of sightseers may wander about in them during religious services without interrupting the services. Other sights of the morning were Giotto's Campanile, the house of Dante, the Piazza dei Signori, the Loggia dei Lanzi, the Palazzo Vecchio and the Uffizi and Pitti Galleries.

Our rubberneck party assembled again at three in the afternoon and drove to the Medici Chapel. Behind the main altar is a sumptuous burial chapel with a dome, richly inlaid throughout with precious stones and marbles and containing the tombs of six dukes of the Medici. This marvelous room has never been completed. From this rich vault a passageway leads to a side chapel where lie Lorenzo and Giuliano de Medici. Here are their splendid tombs by Michaelangelo surmounted by idealized portrait statues and the famous recumbent figures of Night and Day, Dawn and Twilight. Later at Santa Croce we visited the tomb of Michaelangelo himself and that of Galileo.

August Seventh.

Florence charms me more than Venice and more than any other Italian city is going to do. I knew of the existence of certain things here and had planned to see them. After I arrived I found that other famous sights that I had read about were here too. So I just have to see them all. These three days I have gone from church to church, from palace to palace and museum to museum on the trail of Raphaels, Da Vincis, Michaelangelos, Giotto's, Donatello's, and have seen them nearly all. And in between it all have had time to enjoy the sights of this lovely city and its scenery and people.

I like the Italians better all the time. They are very warm hearted and courteous and will do almost anything to oblige you, especially if you oil their palms with a lire. They can extract your money from you so politely, so skillfully and do it with such a smile that you feel it is almost a privilege to be robbed.

One has amusing experiences in the restaurants. The menu is usually in Italian, not French, and to add to the difficulty of guessing the items it is written by hand. I am often at a loss as many of the letters are formed differently from ours. In the beginning my knowledge of Italian foods was limited to those good old standbys—spaghetti and macaroni, always recognizable on the menu. So I ordered spaghetti at noon and macaroni at night and next day varied the menu by having macaroni at noon and spaghetti at night. I became an expert at the art of eating spaghetti, learned from watching the Italians themselves eat it. It is never cut into short lengths. Nor is it seized with avid fingers as some would have us think, raised above the head at arm's length and the gleaming strands slowly lowered yard by yard into the upturned mouth. Nor are the ends of the spaghetti inserted into the mouth and the strands gently sucked in inch by inch on the vacuum cleaner principle. The well-bred Italian scorns both these methods and eats his spaghetti with dexterity, *eclat* and *gusto*. The tools used are a fork and table-spoon. You transfix a few strands on the tines of your fork,

raise the fork to the bowl of your spoon and wind up the spaghetti on your fork with a rotary motion, using the spoon as a fender. When you have a good-sized wad—pop, in it goes. During the process of mastication you are busy preparing your wad for the next chew—and so on.

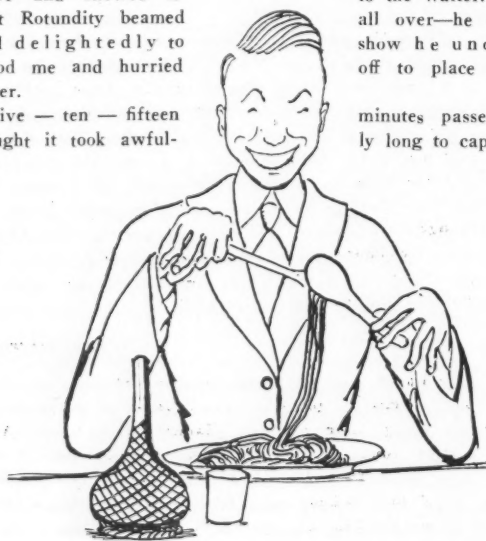
After a few days these delectable twins, spaghetti and macaroni, began to pall upon me. Then I set out to enlarge my Italian vocabulary. Sometimes I point at a line with a casual air and see what comes, trying not to seem surprised at the result. This way I have picked up the names of a good many dishes and can usually assemble a good meal.

Yesterday evening, in a little cafe near the Galleria Vittorio Emanuele, they were serving canteloupe—luscious yellow canteloupe such as we have at home. I desired canteloupe extremely, looked for it under the classification of *frutti* on the menu but failed to find any word remotely resembling ours. Taking out my pad I drew a pointed slice of canteloupe and showed it

Fat Rotundity beamed delightedly to stood me and hurried order.

Five — ten — fifteen thought it took awful-

to the waiter. His all over—he nod-show he under-off to place the minutes passed. I ly long to capture,



Eats his spaghetti with dexterity eclat and gusto.

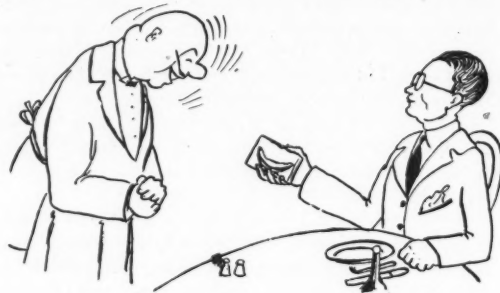
kill and dress that canteloupe. Presently His Rotundity came beaming down the aisle bearing my order which he placed triumphantly before me. It was a fish, a cute little sole fried extremely brown, curled up and pointed on the ends until it *did* look like my drawing. It was good, but before I ate it I made the waiter understand that I had not ordered *pesce*, and I learned from him that canteloupe in Italian is *popone*. I shall enjoy plenty of *popone* from now on.

The climate here is just like that of Texas—very hot in summer but dry so that the heat is endurable. The Italians arrange their day to suit. They start work early in the forenoon. At twelve they close up business for two or three hours while they eat and sleep and then remain open until seven or eight at night. The hours for labor are 8-12 and 2-6. At noon the common laborers lie down on the pavements on the shady side of the street and snooze. I see them sleeping on church steps, under the arcades and in all sorts of nooks. When the sun comes around to where they lie they get up and move further on and doze off again.

Rome, August Twelfth.

My good luck still continues. I have been most fortunate in meeting both Italian and American friends since last writing. I have ceased to be surprised when I bob up again, with American tourists with whom I went sightseeing in London and Switzerland. While waiting in the *Ferrovia* in

Florence, five days ago for the train for Rome to come, I noted a couple talking in the American sign language and guessed they were Mr. and Mrs. Peter Hughes from Fulton,



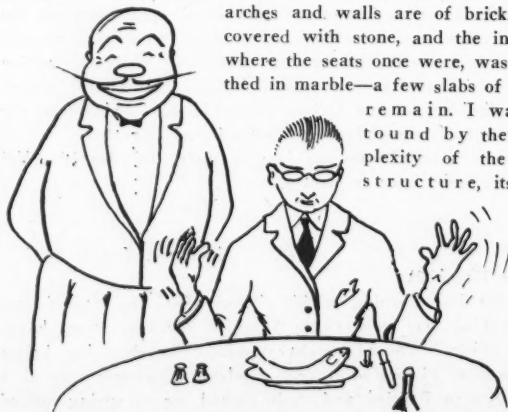
Drew a slice of canteloupe.

Missouri, who had gone abroad earlier in the summer. And so it turned out to be. It was a pleasant surprise all around. We came on together to Rome.

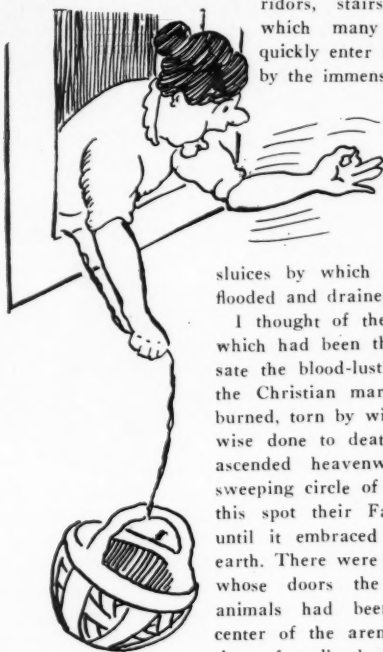
The scenery on the trip was rather uninteresting until we crossed the mountains that circle the Roman Campagna. Here we saw some wonderful effects of golden evening light on castle walls and hill cities and piled up clouds. While we were still in the rolling plains of the Campagna the city appeared far in the distance in a golden haze against the sun as if it were indeed the Heavenly City. Above the haze stood out prominently the dome of St. Peter's. The gold gradually changed to rose as the sun sank lower. Dusk was just falling when we reached Rome.

Located in a hotel on the Quirinal Hill, not far from the Royal Palace, I am able to reach easily the most important sights of Rome. It is not so far to the wonderful Victor Emanuel Monument. There I saw the tomb of the Italian Unknown Soldier and then climbed to the height of the Monument. From its summit one gets a splendid view of Rome in all directions. Just behind the monument are the ruins of the ancient Roman Forum. A short walk brought me to the Colosseum—well chosen name—but more properly known as the Flavian Amphitheatre. Before going in I looked at the near-by triumphal arches of Titus and Constantine and was pestered by a pesky carriage driver who followed me all around begging to take me somewhere or other. He tried all his lingual persuasions on me, never knowing I was deaf.

Then I entered the Colosseum. It is indeed colossal! Perhaps no similar feat of masonry exists in the whole world. The exterior facings and the vast pillars are of travertine sadly defaced by holes dug in the stone to extract the metal clamps by which the stones were clinched. The central arches and walls are of brick, once covered with stone, and the interior, where the seats once were, was sheathed in marble—a few slabs of which remain. I was astounded by the complexity of the vast structure, its cor-



A cute little sole, curled up and pointed on the ends.



ridors, stairs and passages by which many thousands could quickly enter and leave the circus, by the immense arches and pillars, by the system of underground prisons and cells which honey-comb the amphitheatre underneath and the

sluices by which the arena could be flooded and drained.

I thought of the thousands of lives which had been thrown away here to sate the blood-lust of the Romans; of the Christian martyrs who had been burned, torn by wild beasts and otherwise done to death—whose souls had ascended heavenward through this sweeping circle of blue sky. And from this spot their Faith was to spread until it embraced and conquered the earth. There were the caverns through whose doors the hunger maddened animals had been admitted to the center of the arena. From these four tiers of walls thousands of faces had

looked down—some few, I hope, with pity and disgust.

One bright afternoon I drove with a party of three American college boys out along the Appian Way. Brown urchins would run after the carriage, throwing cartwheels in return for coppers. Our first stop along the way was the Chapel of Domine Quo Vadis, where legend has it Jesus appeared to Peter as the latter, discouraged, was leaving Rome. Here a Pope has erected a chapel over the spot. It would all be very pretty and quite plausible to believe did they not show you the "footprints" of Christ on a stone—very large, stiff and archaic footprints cut into a fine translucent stone. They completely spoiled any belief in or liking for the legend.

A little further along the Way we alighted and walked thru a pretty garden to the entrance of the Catacombs of St. Calixtus. A Franciscan friar conducted a party of twenty down long steep stairs and thru the Catacombs. We all had tapers to carry. Down below it was cool and damp. We saw a great many niches where graves had been and thousands of fragments of sculpture, many of them wrought with crude Christian symbols. In several underground chapels we saw remnants of early Christian frescoes.

These days in Rome have gone so fast. One morning was spent in the ruins of the old Forum and on the neighboring Palatine Hill among the palaces of the Caesars; of these, stupendous substructures yet remain. St. Peter's Church and the adjoining Vatican required a whole day to view their treasures. The little Temple of Vesta, the Castel San Angelo, the Barberini Palace and the Villa Borghese are only a few of other famous places visited, all rich in art treasures or memories of the past.

One evening the Hughes met two deaf Italians who took us to the Roman *Societa Sordomudi*. Here, in a large room were gathered forty deaf Italians engaged in a lively debate which our entrance hardly interrupted. The sign fire-works continued until we rose to go. Then we were given an ovation and introduced to the President, Signor Micheloni, an Italian of noble birth and of charming manners, one of the leaders of the deaf in Italy.

At four the next afternoon I called on the Cavalier Micheloni at his apartment in a modern section of Rome outside the walls and met his charming and cultured wife, a

daughter of former Senator Bodio. At the Micheloni home I met also three deaf Italians of the better class—a cabinet-maker, an architect and an artist. We all went for a walk in the Borghese Gardens and took in the view of Rome from the Pincian Hill at sunset. A starry night was falling when we returned to dinner at the Micheloni apartment. A typical Italian meal—first an *antipasti* of rice cooked with tomatoes, then roast meat with a tomato sauce, green peppers stewed in oil, cheese and fruit, all served with plenty of red wine. On another evening I enjoyed the simple and gracious hospitality of the Micheloni again.

As I said, I have ceased to be surprised when friends show up unexpectedly this side of the water, but I was very pleased yesterday morning while calling at Cook's office to run into Miss Boatwright, formerly of Gallaudet, and her travelling companions, Miss Eaton and her brother. They have been touring Spain and have been in Rome several days. Tomorrow we are going to join forces and go to Naples together.

As always,

KELLY.

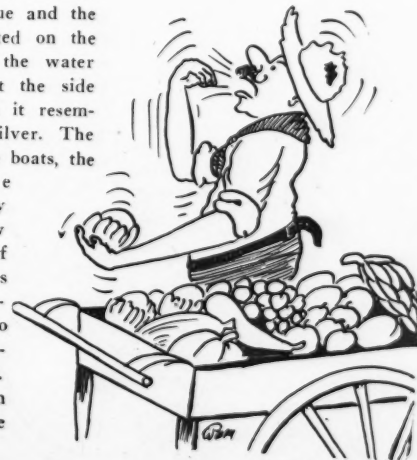
Enroute to Naples our party of four had fun throughout recounting our experiences. We arrived just in time for dinner and laid plans to go to Capri the next day.

I awoke to a vision of beauty. The balcony of my room commanded a wonderful view of the Bay of Naples, dotted with sails flashing in the morning light and dominated by the graceful cone of Vesuvius. On the horizon could be seen faintly the Island of Capri.

Right after breakfast we felt the quay at the Chateau d'Oeuf in cliffs and were rowed out to the steamer which was soon rolling and rocking on the Bay making many of the passengers seasick. Naples, and finally Vesuvius faded gradually behind us in the haze. After landing many passengers at Sorreno and at the Marina at Capri our boat continued along the island until she weighed anchor opposite the Blue Grotto. The sea was running high but we still hoped to negotiate the feat of entering the Grotto. A number of small skiffs came out to take us—just two in a boat besides the boatman. Spencer Eaton and I went in together. The entrance to the Grotto looked dangerous. It was just large enough to admit a small row-boat and that day the waves dashed so high that the top of the orifice was almost touched by the waters. We lay down in the boat. As the wave receded, the boatman laid aside his oars and as the crucial instant came lay down also and pulled the boat into the cavern by means of a chain fixed to the rock.

Inside is the most wonderful natural light effect conceivable—caused by the refraction of light through the blue water.

The water is a wonderful silvery blue and the blue is reflected on the walls. When the water breaks against the side of the cavern it resembles molten silver. The bottoms of the boats, the oars in the water, any thing below the surface of the water is silvery. Leaving the Grotto furnished another thrill. Our boatman seized the



The market comes to her.

right instant to pull the boat out, but we saw two girls who were drenched when their boatman miscalculated.

When we landed at the Marina we took the funicular up to the town of Capri perched in the saddle of the Island. There we had lunch and saw the shops, where the girls fell into temptation and bought laces. We hired carriages, drove up to the distant town of Anacapri on the peak of the island with magnificent views all the way and just did get back to the Marina in time to catch our steamer for Naples.

As we neared Vesuvius the cloud of haze and smoke which had capped it all day rose and we saw it in all its beauty. The sunset bathed the vast cone in glowing red which the afterglow transmuted to a glowing violet. While we were admiring it from the steamer, the moon came up and joined in the symphony of blue, purple, violet and saffron.

The next morning we spent in gaining a general impression of the city itself. Interesting but squalid, the streets of Naples rise from the bay. They are dark and narrow, paved with rough cobbles and in many places take the form of stairs. Stench, fleas dust, are on all sides. Across the streets overhead are lines of clothes hung out to dry. Along the walls of the tall bare tenements are hung strings of drying vegetables. Flies swarm about dishes of tomato paste displayed by the doors to dry. Across the backs of chairs are strung poles upon which long fringes of macaroni are drying. The people sit in the street near their doors and carry on their trades and household occupations *al fresco*. Animals and people live in intimacy—in one house I saw two horses stabled while the family were dining in the same room. Beggars abound. Fat beauties waddle up and down the stairs, bundles balanced on heads.

In Naples the milk is delivered on the hoof and the prospective purchaser watches every operation from her door. Early in the morning you see the dairymen driving about the streets small flocks of goats with, perhaps, a cow. Reaching a purchaser's house a flock stops, a vessel is brought out or lowered by a string from a window and the milk begins to sing into the vessel.

The Neapolitan housewife rarely has the need to climb down from her lofty eyrie to go to the market, because the market comes to her. In the street stands the huckster, looking up and directing upward a string of fluent Italian forced home by gesticulations. You look up too and see a head thrust

out of a window and two hands used in answering gesticulations. When a bargain is reached, a basket is lowered with the money in it and up goes the day's supply of food.

My instant pity was aroused for the long-suffering and much abused donkeys of Naples. You see them everywhere, carrying loads that seem far beyond their capacity, goaded on with whips but still preserving a donkeyish serenity. The owner harnesses his little beast into a cart piled high with produce or household goods, then lazily adds himself or perhaps his family to the load. I saw donkeys drawing unbelievable loads and expected at any instant to see the load tip over backward and raise the animals struggling, off the ground. This illusion is helped by the way the shafts are adjusted, not at the sides of the animal but over his back. The S. P. C. A. would have its hands full were it organized in Naples.

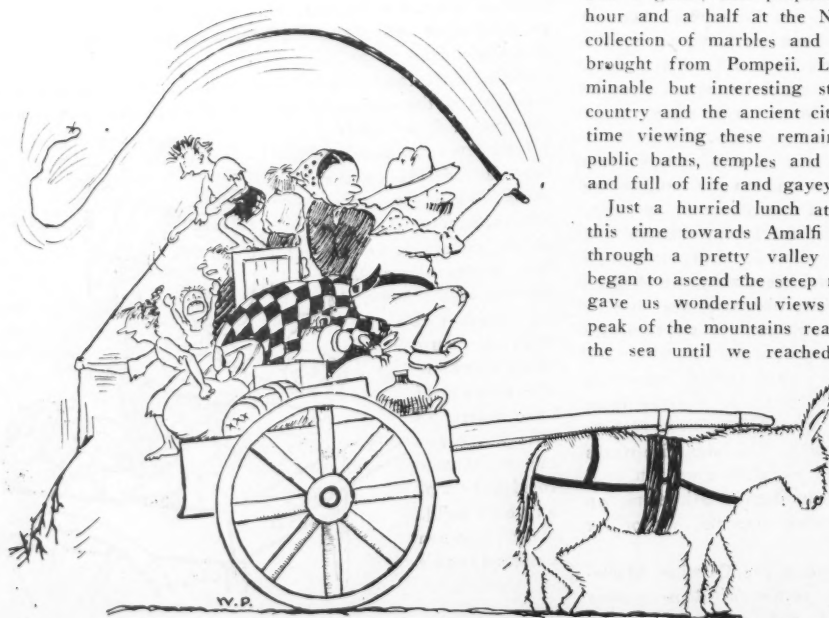
That afternoon we just did catch the 2 o'clock train for Vesuvius. At Pugliano we changed to the funicular and began to ascend, first thru beautiful orchards and vineyards and past houses where strings of bright red tomatoes were hung up to dry, then thru dismal regions of ash and hardened lava flow. Finally the base of the cinder cone was reached. Here we changed to another funicular which took us to the top of the crater. Here we hired a government guide, as required, and followed a zig-zag path up and around, our shoes filling with ashes and cinders until suddenly we had a full view of the crater. A great bowl with sides of ash, lava and cinders, descending at a steep angle to a floor of hardened and partly hardened lava covered with a sulphurous deposit. From the center of the vast pit rises a smaller cone with two orifices out of which steam and smoke pour constantly diffusing an acrid sulphurous smell. We could see rocks thrown high from these orifices to fall back into the smoke. From fissures in the walls of the crater steam is constantly issuing.

Our last day in Naples was a full one. We hired an auto and a guide, and prepared for a most strenuous day. An hour and a half at the Naples Museum to see the Farnese collection of marbles and the mosaics, frescoes and bronzes brought from Pompeii. Leaving, we drove through interminable but interesting streets until we reached the open country and the ancient city of Pompeii. Here we spent some time viewing these remains of ancient Roman life, forums, public baths, temples and houses, which were once occupied and full of life and gayety two thousand years ago.

Just a hurried lunch at Pompeii and we were off again, this time towards Amalfi across the mountains. We passed through a pretty valley covered with lemon groves and began to ascend the steep mountains by a zig-zag road which gave us wonderful views of Vesuvius and the valley. The peak of the mountains reached, we began to descend toward the sea until we reached the famous Amalfi Drive. This was enchanting. We drove along the face of the cliffs for many miles, seeing at each turn vistas of sea, mountain crags, castles, islands, lemon groves, and wayside shrines. Brown children of the sun, barefooted and carrying burdens on their heads, smiled and waved as we passed. Presently we came to Amalfi; then many miles more along the sea until we reached



Beauties balancing bundles.



Lazily adds himself and family to the pile....

Sorrento where the girls fell again into temptation and bought more lace. It was not until well after dark that we reached Naples again. Next day we separated and went back to Rome on different trains, myself lingering to study the Museum collections at greater length.

My sojourn in Italy was almost over. Another night in Rome and an all day's trip to Genoa, seeing on the way a glimpse of Pisa and the celebrated leaning Tower. From Genoa to Nice in France required another day's ride, most of it through such a succession of tunnels that the smoke was almost un-

bearable. Just a brief and tantalizing glimpse of rocks and sea as we emerged from one tunnel only to plunge into another. The French and Italian passengers produced bottles of cologne, wet their handkerchiefs in it and held them to their noses while going through the tunnels, but not knowing of this trick, beforehand I was left to endure the heat and smoke as best I might. At the French customs there was no trouble in getting through, and before night I was safely installed in a comfortable hotel on the waterfront at Nice.

(To be concluded)



Fistas of sea, mountain crags, castles and lemon groves.

Mr. Kenner and His Mountain Home

By THE CHRONICLER

HERE in New York no fact is more in evidence than the mutability of time—and short time at that. To the wayfaring citizen, engrossed in his own affairs, it seems almost as if buildings are torn down and replaced the week after they are erected. This has led to an unusual department in journalism—the chronicler of “the last” of everything. Thus, certain hotels disappear with the encroachment of new sky-scrapers, and straightway there is printed the story of this being the last hostelry representing a certain epoch in the life of the great city; a theatre is torn down, and it is the last of those whose “boards” were tread by a Booth or a McCullough; a man passes on, full of years and experience, and the newspapers tell of him being the last of a certain social set that reigned decades ago. And so it goes, one landmark after another passing into history.

But all “the lasts” have not gone, else there would be nothing more for the voracious chronicler to put upon paper. Take, for instance, that once-thriving band of bachelors that so gaily went its way scoffing at the traps laid and the wiles put into play. One by one they have succumbed to the onslaught, until now there remains but a single one eligible to attack. We herewith present his likeness done by that incomparable artist, Pach.

Mr. Renner's eligibility is unquestionable. All the questions were worn out long ago on an armor that has seemed impreg-

nable. This obstreperous and raucous bachelorhood of his isn't the result of lack of opportunities; rather it has been case-hardened by continuous experience. Any girl who can dent that armor is due for a job in the Carnegie nickel-steel works out at Pittsburg.

Although by profession a bachelor, our hero does other things. He has been president of the Men's Club of St. Ann's Church for the Deaf on West 148th street several times and at present is a member of the Church Committee. Ex-officio, his activities in the social life of the church are many. Getting up parties and shows and outings and such came easy for him by reason of long experience in another line of endeavor which presently will be indicated, after we get done with his New York life. To kill the rest of the time, he has long held down a job as a valued composing room assistant in a shop where they get up some of those swell ads. you see in the big magazines, like Aeolian, Chesterfield cigs, Lord & Thomas, etc. That is merely an incident, however. Now we come to the real thing.

Up in the Catskills, at the entrance of Plattkill Clove, the first cleft in the mountains south of the far-famed Kaaterskill Clove is a most picturesque estate of 100 acres, far up the mountain-side. One of its boundary-lines is the beautiful Plattkill, a rushing, tumbling mountain torrent that gives a name to the property—Mountain Stream Park. Gaze upon the classic features of the portrait herewith and behold the proud possessor of this Paradise—alas, an Eve-less Paradise!

HIKING UP THE
CANYON ROAD

RENNER'S FALLS

THE MID-DAY MAIL
ARRIVESYOU HAVE YOUR CHOICE
OF TEMPERATUREONE OF THE SEVEN FALLS
IN MOUNTAIN STREAM PARKPIONEER ROCK-HUDSON
RIVER IN DISTANCE

PLATT COVE CANYON

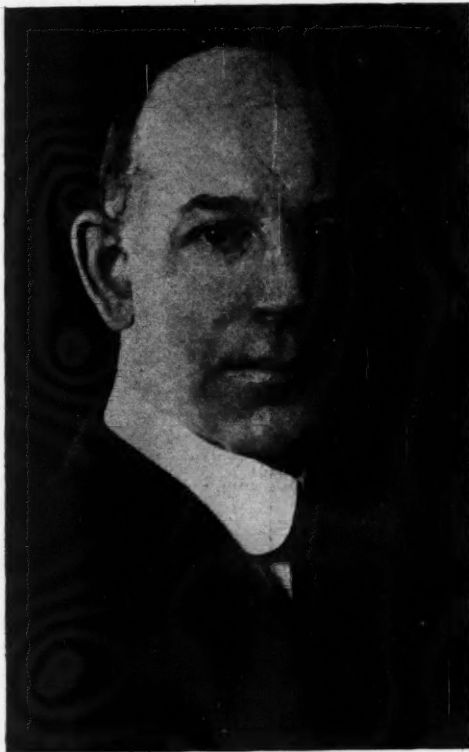
MOUNTAIN STREAM
HOUSE

The park is the seat of the Mountain Stream House, one of the oldest summer resorts in the section. When the place came into the possession of its present owner twenty years ago it was a farm, and the house was then—and still is, for that matter—surrounded by fruit trees and berry shrubs. From time to time additions have been made to the original home structure and new buildings put up, until now there are three or four bungalows, a garage and other houses, making a very inviting and comfortable spot in which to spend the summer, as many of New York's deaf residents can testify from their personal experience.

The chief charm of the surroundings lies in the stream, secluded among dense woods, from all man's habitations and roads. The path along the margin of the gorge of the stream's lower reaches and close beside the water of the upper is a delight to lovers of the picturesque in nature. There are seven falls on Renner's land alone, several of which are shown in pictures herewith. The water itself is of crystal clearness and purity, so that the smoothly-worn rock a dozen feet beneath the surface readily can be seen. Below each of the falls is a deep pool, making swimming a diversion for warm days. The wary trout lurks under the overhang of rocks for

those with the patience and skill to lure him to the hook. Students of bird-lore and habits have a great variety of the feathered tribe to work on in these secluded woods.

And the mountain roads! Through the property runs the



A. L. PACH PHOTO.

W. A. RENNER

Vice-President New York City Branch N. A. D., and Mem'ber Brooklyn Division No. 14 N. F. S. D. Member Composing room force of a big Print-shop.

only highway of the clove. It leads to Tannersville on the west side of the range and passes at the tip-top, two miles up, the newly-acquired summer camp and recreation resort of the New York Police Department. Near by the camp is the Devil's Kitchen, a gorge that for rugged and eerie attractiveness surpasses many better known in the Adirondacks.

This road is a favorite walk for parties from Renner's. But those who like to leave behind all evidences of civilization take one or another of the many moss-grown and long abandoned



MASQUERADETRS ARE A DIVERSION

"stone-roads" through the thick woods with which the mountains are covered. This region has long supplied flagging and curb-stones and many are the worked-out, deep-cut quarries one comes upon suddenly far from "anywhere." Others still may

prefer mountain-climbing, and for them and their alpenstocks there is plenty of exercise—if they don't weaken.

Many have been the happy groups of deaf people who have found their way up there—the West Shore Railroad to Saugerties or the night boats of the Saugerties Line and then a seven-mile motor-bus ride to West Saugerties, the village at the foot of Renner's Mountain. Of late years the hotel has been leased, but the bungalows have managed to furnish separate accommodations and no end of fun in the way of house-keeping for the parties.

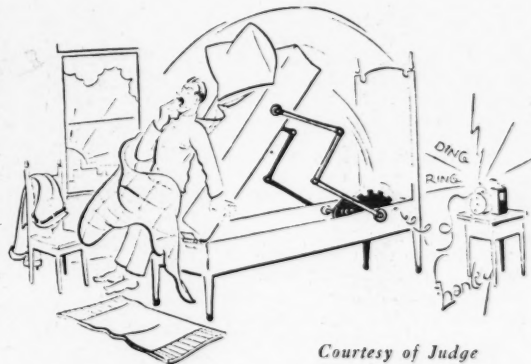
Altogether it is a charming spot for an outing. And to think its owner is still a bachelor!

For Sleepy People

By ERSATZ VERITAS

To the Editor of THE SILENT WORKER:

My continued vigilance has been rewarded. In this instance a happy conjunction of circumstances brings my latest discovery just at the right time, when daylight-saving change makes it necessary to get up one hour earlier in the morning



Courtesy of Judge

and to that extent ditches the customary means of awakening the sleepers.

Not to be outdone by English inventions, one of which I presented to you a year ago in both description and illustration, American genius has been our cousins across the water and gone them one better. The result is pictured in *Judge*, that well-known scientific weekly published in New York. I am offering it herewith by permission of the publishers. No description is necessary; the picture tells its own story.

While the object of the invention is merely to chase Morpheus, I would suggest, with all due modesty, a possible improvement that would have the effect of adding a few minutes more to the hours of somnolence. It will be noted that the sleeper is, by this invention, shot over the foot of the bed. Now, could not a large metal funnel with two outlets be so placed that the sleeper would land therein and slide down with one lower limb in each of the said outlets? His trousers—of course I am considering masculine sleepers only, as they are notoriously derelict in getting up of mornings—his trousers, socks and even his shoes could be slipped over the lower ends of the funnel—outlets and he would glide quickly therein, thus saving the time consumed in dressing and devoting it to additional sleep.

Of course some ultra-practical person will try to knock my supplemental invention by asking how the sleeper is to disengage himself from the funnel after slipping into his clothes by its aid; but that is none of my affair—let him look out for himself like the rest of us have to.

PUBLIC OPINION



THE FOLLOWING item, appearing in a recent issue of *The California News*, has led to the unfolding of an interesting story:

Several years ago Rev. Francis W. Russell told of the wonderful work done by a deaf-mute of the University of Nebraska in connection with a brilliant line of original investigation carried on by Prof. Brace, head of the department of Physics. Had it not been for the splendid co-operation of this man, Dr. Brace could not have succeeded as he did. In spite of his serious handicap he was one who won a great victory. His name was not given. The *Itemizer* has tried to find it out but all in vain. The deaf of Nebraska may know. If so, they are requested to tell through the NEBRASKA JOURNAL.—*California News*.

To the above Mrs. Ota Crawford Blankenship, who conducts the alumni and general news department of *The Nebraska Journal*, replied:

John M. Chowins, of 2820 T St., Lincoln, Nebraska, is the man. He has been connected with the University of Nebraska in the department of physics for over thirty-five years as

By Rev. Dr. James H. Cloud.



MR. AND MRS. JOHN M. CHOWINS,
Lincoln, Nebraska.

master-mechanic. Being very skillful with tools the University finds him indispensable. He had only four years' schooling at the Exeter, England, School for the Deaf.—*The Nebraska Journal*.

But that was not all. Mrs. Blankenship wrote Professor John E. Almy, in charge of the Brace Laboratory of Physics at the University, and received from Prof. Almy the following on Mr. Chowins' service for the advancement of science at the University and received from Prof. Almy the following interesting statement:

"In 1888 Dr. DeWitt B. Brace came to the University of Nebraska as Professor of Physics, a young man recently returned from years of inspiring experience in the laboratories of Helmholtz in Berlin and Roland at John Hopkins University, men whose names will stand for all time among the great names of scientific research. Casting about for material and means of putting into execution some of the many research projects with which his mind was filled Prof. Brace noticed among the group of workmen then engaged in the task of



Professors and Students, Physics Department of the University of Nebraska. John M. Chowins, Master Mechanician of the department, is the smiling mustached individual standing at the right end of the picture. Professor Almy is seated in front of Mr. Chowins.

building a new foundation under the one building which then housed the University, a young carpenter, deaf though he was, who gave promise of a capacity to develop, and thereupon, Mr. John Chowins was employed and installed as Mechanic for

driven, with work-benches well equipped, and with stock racks with all the needed supplies and materials.

"In these nearly two decades the genius of the physicist Brace led to the carrying out of a great many pieces of

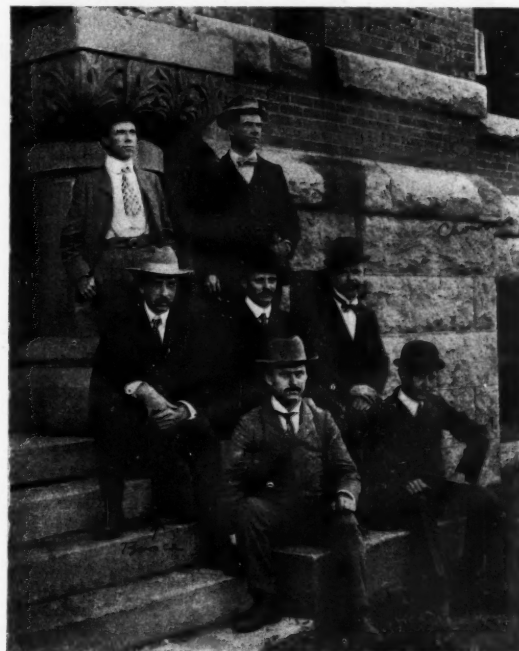


MR. AND MRS. J. M. CHOWINS
Art Institute, Chicago, August, 1924.

the Department of Physics, in charge of the University Shop.

"Beginning then in the poorly lighted basement of the newly constructed "Nebraska Hall" with meagre equipment, with his own chest of carpenter tools and a small foot-power lathe, but with a "world of needs" for the fulfilment of which two all sufficient factors were provided, namely, Brace's dauntless optimistic persistence, and indefatigable creative genius, and John Chowins' equally remarkable patient, painstaking mechanical skill and tireless industry, really great things were accomplished.

"Having in the beginning only the training of his carpenter's



JOHN M. CHOWINS, expert mechanic, Brace Laboratory, University of Nebraska, is shown at the end of the middle row wearing a black derby. Professor Brace is at the other end of the same row wearing a white felt hat.

rather elaborate experimentation. For example: One of the earlier, a magneto-optical problem, called for the use of very intense magnetic field; for this purpose Brace designed and Chowins constructed the parts and assembled what at that time was probably the most powerful electro-magnet in America, if not in all the world, with massive cores of the best Swedish iron, and great pole-pieces specially shaped and accurately worked and fitted together with great solenoids of heavy copper windings, the construction and putting



J. M. CHOWINS, Master Mechanician, Department of Physics,
Nebraska University, Lincoln, Nebraska.

apprenticeship, Mr. Chowins, by diligent study and careful application, gradually acquired a complete mastery of the finer arts and skill of the expert mechanic, and, with increased capacity came increased opportunity and equipment, so that when after nearly twenty years of service, the Department came to its own building, the Brace Laboratory of Physics, Mr. Chowins was installed in charge of a large, well equipped shop on the first floor of the new building, with his precision "Rivett" lathe, and two other less delicate lathes, with planer, milling machine, grinder, drills, etc., all motor



JOHN M. CHOWINS, the expert mechanic of the Department of Physics of the University of Nebraska off duty.

together representing many months of painstaking industry on the part of both professor and mechanic.

Now the task of building equipment for a laboratory, and especially for research, is far different from construction work or manufacture of standardized material. Not infrequently the product of days or even weeks of careful work will be found unsuited or inadequate for the demand put upon it, so that it must be rebuilt, redesigned, so that successful service in such workshop demands a degree of ingenuity and creative skill far above that called for in the ordinary commercial industrial shop. And it is just that type of genius

that Mr. Chowins has possessed. So that in the years from 1890 until 1903, when Professor Brace's work ended, there came from Brace's laboratory a series of scientific papers



MR. and MRS. JOHN M. CHOWINS, Lincoln, Neb., exhibiting their wedding ring.

which represented the work of Brace and the group of students he gathered about him which won for Professor Brace instant recognition as one of the outstanding productive scientists of America.

And one of the factors, by no means of little importance which made possible these results, was the assurance which



Residence of MR. and MRS. J. M. CHOWINS, Lincoln, Neb.

Professor Brace and his co-worker always had, of skillful and generous co-operation on the part of the departmental mechanic, of endless patience in the design and construction of any piece of apparatus, however intricate or impossible it may have seemed. Such, then, is the type of contribution which Mr. Chowins has made to scientific research, in his many years of faithful service to the University and the State, a contribution that the world at large knows little of, nor understands. But its value is known and highly appreciated by those who work with him and when the "old Grad" returns to re-visit laboratory and class-room, he never fails to drop in for a greeting and a short visit with "Jack" in his busy shop."

As I happened in at the Nebraska School for the Deaf about the time the foregoing statement by Professor Almy was received by Mrs. Blankenship, I begged the data of her for publication in THE SILENT WORKER and thereby insure it

a world wide circulation which is deserved. With the approval of Superintendent Booth she was pleased to let me have it. The accompanying illustrations add a more personal touch to the article and for these I am indebted to Professor Almy.

* * *

The recent donation to the Illinois Home for the Aged Deaf by Mrs. J. Hall, of Chicago, a member of the Board of managers, was \$5000, not \$500 as erroneously stated in my department in the SILENT WORKER for May.



MR. EMIL J. BARTH, President Patrons Association of Gallaudet School, St. Louis, and recently elected a member of the Board of Education.

Mr. Emil J. Barth, for the last several years president of the Patrons Association of Gallaudet School, St. Louis, was recently elected as a member of the St. Louis Board of Education for a full term of six years. Mr. Barth was one of four to be elected out of a field of fourteen. The Patrons of Gallaudet School and the deaf citizens of St. Louis generally gave Mr. Barth their hearty co-operation and naturally feel elated over his well merited but hard earned success. Mr. Barth has a son attending Gallaudet. He has long been active in the interest of the School. It is largely due to his efforts that a fund was set aside for a new school building on a new location. The building has not yet been erected but now that Mr. Barth is on the Board longer delay will not be tolerated. With Mr. Barth on the Board the deaf have a friend and voice where greatly needed.

FINDS IT WONDERFUL

In looking over the magazine I find it wonderful and so interesting. I look forward with great pleasure to reading it from page to page. I assure you I will enjoy the magazine thoroughly, as I am a person born deaf.

PHILLIPS F. LEWIS.

Oakland, Cal.

ANGEL ENOGRAMS

By AUGUSTA K. BARRETT



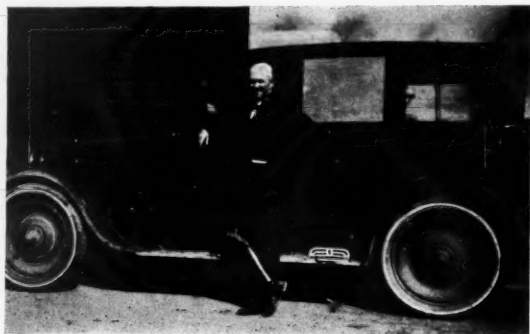
DRIVING a Reo sedan alone from the Reo factory in Lansing, Michigan, to Los Angeles, and meeting with only one minor accident, is the feat accomplished last fall by a deaf man, Clarence A. Murdey. A niece of his asked for an account of his trip, and he wrote one giving it the title, "An Overland Auto Trip" for her, which was given me to read when I asked for more detailed accounts of his adventures. Naturally on such a long trip he had many amusing, interesting and harrowing experiences. Many deaf people have made the trip to California in autos, but few had as much leisure as the fortunate Mr. Murdey, who stopped en route to visit a number of famous and historic places.

Mr. Murdey disposed of his Reo Phaeton last June in Los Angeles, and from the Reo Motor Company of California he received a letter and order through which he would get a new Reo sedan car at the factory in Lansing. On July 1st he left Los Angeles with Mr. Patterson, of Oakland, California, for St. Paul, where they attended the Convention of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf. After the convention he went

talked tactfully with the ambitious young "cop." When the superior officer came, Mr. Murdey noted that he was unmistakably Irish. He sat down at the desk full of the record of criminals and listened to the young cop, who was



Photographed at Reo Motor factory in Lansing, Mich., July 19.



Taken in Galup, N. M., prior to starting to drive west. The car was just taken from the garage where it was repaired.

to Chicago for a short time, then to Lansing, Michigan, and to the Reo Car factory. He handed his letter to the chief salesman, and then was shown the Car Sales Room, and told he was at liberty to pick out a car from the different styles and he chose a beautiful sedan car. He got the Michigan license plates with the understanding that he would return them on receipt of the California plates from California. Meanwhile he had a pleasant visit of two weeks with his nephew and family and some deaf friends at Bay City. It was then necessary to return to Lansing, where the Michigan plates were returned to the State Auto Department before the required date, and the plates being changed, the real start of the overland trip was made, altho there were yet some little detours and visits. One of the funny incidents of the trip happened when Mr. Murdey was on the way back to Chicago after a pleasant visit with the Hasenstab family at their summer home in Wisconsin. A motorcycle "cop" halted him in a small Illinois town, for some alleged infraction of the traffic rules. Two Irish hearing ladies "of charm and beauty," were riding with him at the time. He had to go with the "cop" to the police station, leaving the car in the care of his friends. But they soon followed him in the hope of assisting him out of the trouble. While they were waiting for a superior officer of the police station, the ladies

very proud of his capture. Mr. Murdey and the ladies then gave their version, denying the charge of the policeman that any traffic rules had been flouted. The officer told them to write their names and addresses, and these he studied and noted they were all Irish names and looking at their Irish faces he declared the case dismissed.

After some more visiting with friends and relatives Mr. Murdey left Carthage, Illinois, on September 22nd. I shall select from his narrative such items as may be of general interest and his stops with various deaf people along the route. He appreciated the great kindness and hospitality of these friends very much. The first of these was Dr. J. Schuyler Long at the Iowa School for the Deaf, at Council Bluffs. Dr. Long, who has twice motored to and from California, gave Mr. Murdey much information and many directions regarding the overland highways which helped him find



ROY CARPENTER, of Colorado Springs and CLARENCE MURDY at Glen Coove on Pikes Peak road.

the way. In Omaha he spent two days with Mr. Harry G. Long and his interesting family. He admired the artistic dancing of Grace, their pretty daughter. Here he also visited the Nebraska School for the Deaf.

During the two days Mr. Murdey spent with a niece and her family at Denver, he drove them one day to Mount

Lookout which is about 8,000 feet above sea level. Here is the grave of Col. William F. Cody, and a large museum built of logs in which there is a large collection of historic relics, photographs, and many oil paintings of the famous "Buffalo Bill." At Colorado Springs he visited the School for the Deaf, having as guide Miss Sadie Young, '98, a graduate of

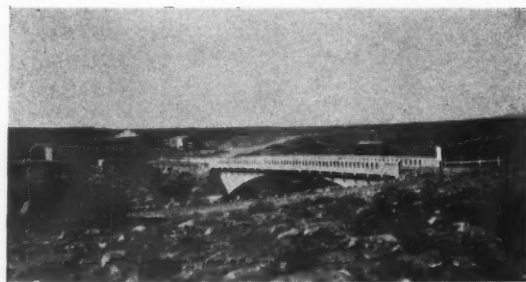


LA BAJODA HILL ROAD

Gallaudet College. Another deaf friend was located, Mr. Roy Carpenter, and a trip up Pike's Peak was planned. Mr. Murdey intended to drive his own car, but on the advice of Mr. Carpenter it was left in the garage, when he told of the hard climb and steep grades and that people always preferred the tourist cars to their own cars for this trip. Miss Young and Mr. Murdey accompanied Mr. Carpenter in his Jewett roadster, feeling confidence in his skill in driving up the Peak, as he had done this several times before. At the toll gate Mr. Murdey paid \$6.00 for three toll tickets. The Pike's Peak Highway extends 18 miles up the Peak from the toll gate. The wealthy citizens of Colorado Springs co-operated and built the highway a few years ago. It is a splendid gravel highway and is wide enough and the curves large and roomy and safe for large automobiles to pass each other.

On arriving at the summit, when Mr. Murdey got out of the car he felt dizzy and staggered a little, owing to the rarefied atmosphere but he soon got used to it. After enjoying the beautiful view of the real Rocky Mountains, they went to the cabin, which is strongly built of stones, and has weathered the high winds and snowstorms for many years. Here there was a cheerful fire in the huge fireplace, and they rested awhile, also buying a light lunch.

It was getting cold as it was near sundown, so the descent



CANYON DIABLO

(Devil's Canyon) named by Forty-niners owing to difficult crossing enroute to California Gold fields. The concrete bridge spans the devil's canyon

was begun. At one point Mr. Carpenter stopped and gave Mr. Murdey directions, pointing out the road he should take across the mountains to Salt Lake City. That evening they made a short but pleasant call on Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Veditz. The next morning after breakfast with Mr. Carpenter at the El Paso Club, of which he is a member, Mr. Murdey was dismayed when it began to rain, as he was "all set" for the

start. The rain was a blessing in disguise, as it caused him to make inquiries of a motorist just arrived from Salt Lake City and he learned of the bad condition of that road, and was advised to follow the Santa Fe and National Old Trails highway all the way to California. So he started and found a smooth gravel road, and the rain stopped before he reached Trinidad.

I pause here to state that I never wrote a scenario, but I believe I know how a continuity writer feels who has to strike out and skip over much in a manuscript and so we will have to bridge a gap here, and this brings us to the quaint and beautiful city of Santa Fe, New Mexico, founded in 1598. Here are located the oldest Church (a Mission) and the oldest governmental building in the United States, the latter was the seat of government from the time DeVargas wrested the country from the Indians, for over 300 years, until 1887 when the new capital was completed. The stately ancient palace was converted into a museum that houses a great collection of Indian relics, pictures of the Mexican and U. S. Governors, and other historic things, one of these is the desk at which General Lew Wallace wrote "Ben Hur." There is a State Museum building of Spanish architecture which has a large exhibit of Indian and Mexican handicraft, and of drawings on leather and cloth by the Indians, and oil paintings of the famous artists who reside in and around Santa Fe. Mr.



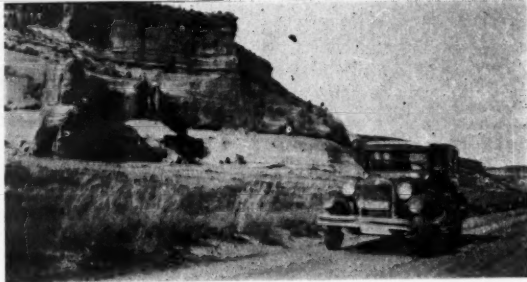
At the bottom of the La Bajoda Hill. Indians selling vases, jars, etc.

Murdey was surprised to see the oil paintings by Mr. Sharp, a partially deaf artist, who was an instructor at the noted Art Academy in Cincinnati, Ohio, when Mr. Murdey was an art student there from 1895 to 1898. Mr. Sharp is said to be one of the best artists in Santa Fe, his specialty is painting the Indian head and figure. He is a splendid talker (orally) but a poor lip-reader according to Mr. Connor, Supt. of the New Mexico School for the Deaf. Mr. Murdey called on Supt. Connor, who was a Normal Fellow at Gallaudet College, in 1893. He had a short and pleasant visit with Mr. and Mrs. Powell Wilson. Mr. Bumgardner, the first husband of Mrs. Wilson was Mr. Murdey's college mate at Gallaudet College.

The road up the famous La Bajada Hill is next described as a remarkable engineering feat. La Bajada is Spanish for The Descent or drop, as it is a drop of about 800 feet from the rim of the Mesa to the foot of the hill, which makes a drop of 1,000 feet to the lowland. The road is cut out of the volcanic lava on the face of a sheer precipice, and it has twenty-three hairpin turns, some with a very steep grade. In spite of this it is perfectly safe as all the turns are roomy enough to accommodate big automobiles, and have stone walls to prevent the cars going off the cliff. On reaching the bottom of the hill our motorist was quickly surrounded by some Indian women and children and their protector, an old Indian. They had vases, baskets, and other curios for sale. Mr. Murdey talked with them by natural signs and after buying a vase for \$1.00, he wanted to photograph them. But they have learned how to make a little extra money out of the tourists

and would not pose unless he gave them a coin. A quarter being dropped in an old woman's hand, she and her husband posed for him, but as he says, "they made no effort to look pleasant." Space forbids recording all this talk with the Indians tho it was most interesting.

On reaching Albuquerque he was surprised and delighted at seeing the long tree shaded streets, as he thought it was in the desert country. It is a favorite place for the tourists to break a long trans-continental drive. It has many historic points surrounding it. It was founded as the Spanish villa of San Felipe Albuquerque in 1706, and played a prominent part in the long history of New Mexico under the Spanish Viceroy, Mexican governors, the U. S. military officers, the government of the territory and finally the state of New Mexico. Mr. Murdey describes the town at some length in these words: "The old Town Plaza was the center of its life for 200 years before the coming of the American army in 1848. It was then a military post from which expeditions went out against the Indians. It saw the comings and goings of wagon trains, pony express, hunters, trappers, and cowboys—all the picturesque and varied life of the frontier. Then in 1880 Albuquerque saw the coming of the railroad and the building of the Americanized town which usurped the name of Albuquerque. The old town has the church of San Felipe



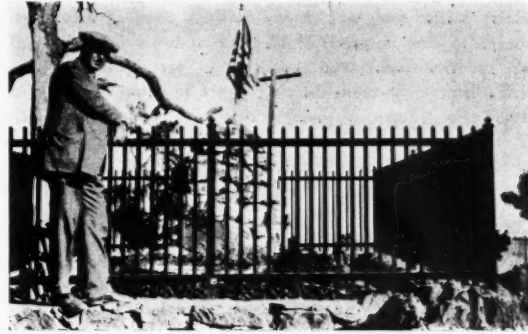
The wonderful colorful long cliff along the highway, west of Gallup, N. M. The ruins of the Cliff dwellings are seen at different places.

de Neri, which was built in 1706; the home of Governor Armijo, the last governor under the Mexican government, and the site of the old barracks. The city is located in the center of the Indian country and is the metropolis of that region. The natives still live much as they did 300 years ago, raising their crops of beans, chili and small fruits and grains; herding sheep, and observing the feast days of the Church.

"I passed Isbeta, a real Indian pueblo of over one thousand people, descendants of the very people who were living there at the time of the Spanish expedition. It owns and controls its land, and its people are very proud of the fact that they are self-supporting. The men of Isbeta, as of the other pueblos, are farmers and sheep raisers. The women are potters of great skill. They make jars and vases of different sizes and paint them in intricate designs. The Indians of the other pueblos on the highway are very skillful in handicraft in leather, clay, etc. In the large general merchandise store owned by a white man I saw many vases, jars and other things made by the Indians. About 25 Indians sat and stood around the store, some of them wearing modern clothes and some were in the primitive costume."

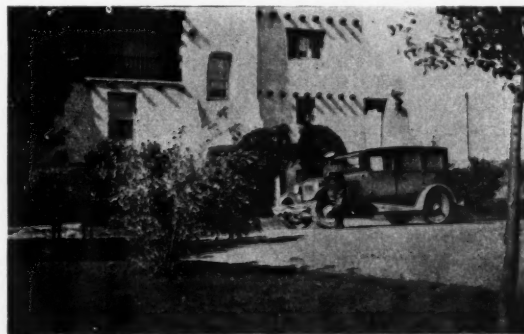
Like many a white man of olden times Mr. Murdey was not to get away from the Indian country unscathed. The Indians have buried the hatchet, but some of them have learned to drive the modern Juggernaut. One day, just before noon, the White Man, in his elegant Reo Sedan and the Red Man in his "old Henry" met near Gallup, New Mexico. The young

Indians was driving at some speed, and the white man was going to pass him in the clear way on the left, when the Indian suddenly turned to the left. Mr. Murdey applied the brakes in time to avoid hitting him, but the car skidded and turned over into a dry ditch. He had the presence of mind to switch off the motor, thus preventing a fire. He got out of



Grave of Col. W. F. Cody, "Buffalo Bill" on Mt. Lookout.

the car without help, with the blood trickling down his face from a cut in his head. The Indian came to aid him and took him to the Indian School where a trained nurse treated the cut and told him that it was necessary to stitch it. Now they hurried back to the wrecked car, fearing some one would steal his equipment, but found a young man guarding it, who said he was on his way to his home in San Francisco. Soon other tourists came and turned the car up and examined it, and found it could not run as the battery was dead. One of the tourists was a pretty young trained nurse, who had articles for "First Aid" treatment, and she examined Mr. Murdey's cut and applied some of her remedies. Luck was with Mr. Murdey after all, for right after his accident he received treatment from two trained nurses and found friends and Good Samaritans among his fellow travelers! The car was damaged, but he knew it would be a beauty again after being repaired in Los Angeles. Its left fenders and left lamp were badly bent and the upper glass of the windshield and glass of the left rear door was broken. The sulphuric acid of the battery and grease of the transmission ruined the upholstery of the car and also some of his clothes and shoes. The car was pulled to a garage and repaired where necessary.



At the State School for the Deaf, in Santa Fe, N. M. Photo by Mrs. Connor, (Supt's. wife).

He could not leave Gallup the next morning as it was raining hard, and he was delayed there two days.

The rest of the trip was accomplished without any mishap, across the mountains, canyons deserts and rivers; and we can imagine with what great joy and relief our hero one Saturday morning drove into Los Angeles. His friends admired

and congratulated him on his endurance and nerve in driving the 3,000 miles alone and thought he was lucky in not meeting with any "holdups" and having only the one accident, which might have been much worse, so "All's well that ends well."

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Helen Keller and Mrs. Annie Sullivan Macy are conducting a drive in Los Angeles, Hollywood and vicinity. They address clubs, societies, and luncheons of prominent people, and get frequent mention in the newspapers. Club Women, prominent business men, bankers and others sponsor the lectures for the raising of a fund for the American Foundation for the Blind (established by Miss Keller) which will work for the welfare of the 100,000 blind persons in America. One account says they wish to raise \$2,000,000 for the Foundation.

Miss Keller and Mrs. Macy were invited to the luncheon of a club of Los Angeles deaf ladies, at one of the swell downtown Tea Rooms, but no answer was received to the invitation. It seems that those in charge of her do not encourage any contact with the deaf tho it was by means of the Manual Alphabet of the deaf that the light first reached the mind of the little blind-deaf child, the foundation for her later achievements.

One of the newspaper pictures shows Miss Keller standing with the singer Chaliapin, with her hand on his cheek and throat, and the article says, "Sixth sense aids her to hear singer's note. She listened to his sonorous rendition of a Russian Peasant's song. They stood on the stage together and while the audience broke into a great ovation the smiling woman told Chaliapin his marvellous voice would vibrate in her soul forever as the Song of Russia."

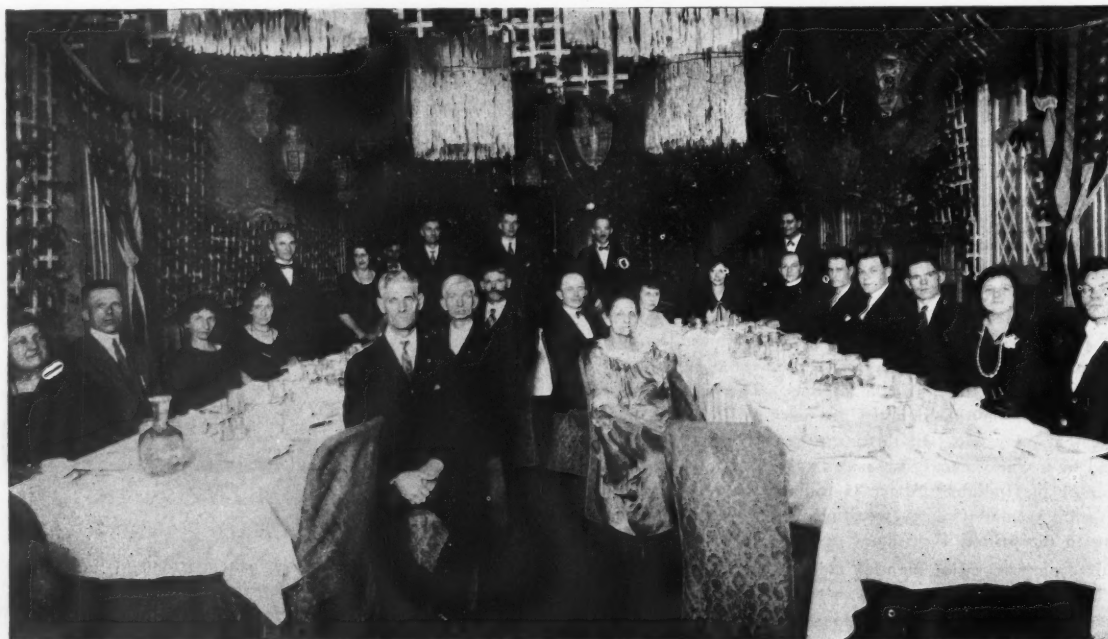
Another picture shows her presenting an elaborate radio set to Lois Mason, a totally blind, partially deaf girl of thirteen at the General Hospital who is also so paralyzed that she cannot turn herself in bed or lift her arms to feed her-

self. Miss Keller is quoted as saying, "It is with pleasure, Lois, that I present this radio to you on behalf of the American Foundation for the Blind. It will mean more pleasure for you when you listen in on this set and hear the music, the dance, the gossip and the exciting events of the day."

Lois smiled through her tears. A little group of nurses, doctors and visitors smiled also and turned away to hide their tears. "I love your beautiful, brave spirit, Lois," Miss Keller continued. "As one suffers gently, one suffers less." And then Miss Keller chatted with Lois about the wonderful goodness of life. Lois said she loved to listen over the radio, and she loved geography and history, especially geography. She had just finished hearing the story of "Little Women" and she had been delighted by "The Prince and the Pauper." Other remarks of Miss Keller's carried her message of optimism. She was accompanied by her secretary, Miss Polly Thomson, who communicated with Miss Keller and told her all that was said and done, by the movements of her fingers on Miss Keller's hand.

The latest article about her begins, "Helen Keller has 'scooped' the rest of the world. She has 'seen' 'Little Annie Rooney' in person. While a guest of the famous Doug and Mary at luncheon on the set, Miss Keller, through the eyes of her teacher-companion, Mrs. Annie Sullivan Macy, visualized the little gamin impersonated by Miss Pickford in the production now under way. During the filming she laughed heartily as Mrs. Macy described the antics of Mary and her mischievous gang, 'The article continues.' The visit furthered Miss Pickford's desire to film a picture with a blind girl as the heroine. She would like to make arrangements to have a percentage of the profits devoted to a fund for the education of those afflicted. It is not generally known that Miss Pickford, when a girl in her 'teens, played the role of a blind girl on the stage under David Belasco's direction.

It was a gala day for Helen Keller and she returned to her hotel eagerly relating the events in details."



BANQUET TO CELEBRATE SECOND ANNIVERSARY, WILMINGTON SILENT CLUB, MARCH 7, 1925.

Windy City Observations

By THOMAS O. GRAY

"No author ever spared a brother;
Wits are game cocks to one another."



THE ASSERTION advanced in a previous issue of the SILENT WORKER, suggesting members of Drove No. 1057, Patriotic and Protective Order of Stags of the World were courting a "1000 to 1" chance of getting heard in the deliberations of that Order's Conclave waxes with pernickety ignorance. This suave Critic has started the ball rolling without any idea of its destination. I am not "from Missouri" and it is a waste of time to attempt to pull the wool over my eyes. I have been through this organization before and know its functioning from A to Z. Ninety per cent of those joining a fraternity are attracted by the beneficial allurements, seven per cent for political alienation, and the balance of three per cent for curiosity's sake. The fundamental principles of an organization are used to attract new members and not promise of personal gain through political affiliation. Giving encouragement to prospective members, politically, is not "laudable" nor is it "commendable" of a fraternity. Organization which permits this practice cannot be classified as a true fraternal institution, or body, and those who permit such measures in their statutes are short lived. The one who joins an organization purely for the association and beneficial privileges has as much a chance, providing he is a REAL MAN, as the one who does solely for political eminence. Elevation of one through such influence is sure to bring along internal dissension. But the members who through meritorious work, has shown his noddle, will not escape the vigilance of the organization. His own acts reveal himself as a valuable cog in the machinery of that body, and it is only natural for the organization to take cognizance of his ability. Therefore each member stands a good chance against the one who joins only because he covets supervision. It's perfectly ridiculous to encourage a man to join a fraternal body with promise of becoming the president of the organization some day. It's very misleading and unhesitatingly places him in a precarious position. The "worm" will turn upon its tormenters, so will the one who was coaxed into a fraternity through political influence, when the truth dawns. Then those responsible for his predicament find they are denounced as a "bunch of crooks."

The members of Drove No. 1057 (composed of deaf men) of the above Order of Stags have as much a chance for advancement as have those of any other fraternity. It all depends on THEMSELVES, their integrity and ability. The possibilities in this Order for a conscientious worker are very great. Its Conclave is governed by the "trained and tried"—the men who struck while the iron was hot. Their ability to diagnose any tender lesion of the organization's anatomy is a guarantee of sound, judicious, and beneficial legislation. And these came from the ranks of its roll of over 100,000 membership; not one of them found his present position through political assistance. "Misery loves company." It's those who are too lazy to work their way over obstacles that consist the masses hanging around for political crumbs. "Laziness grows upon people, it begins in cob-webs and ends in iron chains." And besides I quote a recent communication from a high official of the Order of Stags in the following:

"We are constantly endeavoring to get good field men to organize, to do our work properly and honestly. We get plenty of answers, but when we begin to investigate what these men ever done in life to justify the notion that they will be a 'whiz' as organizers, we find they are fellows who wish to

borrow a hundred dollars to open their office, and who wish to sit in an arm chair and crack jokes and tell how great they are, while doing nothing. Now we have had men who entered the organizing work and who have made good, and because of their ability and integrity were advanced just as rapidly as their experience and ability justified it. This is true of all institutions, organizations, etc. Who ever heard a Bank making the janitor president? But the man who enters the teller's cage, who works faithfully and well, who demonstrates he has ability and will use it, is certainly on the road to advancement. IT ALL RESTS WITH THE MAN."

Every student of American history knows of a young settler who was captured by the Indians, with others, and brought before their tribunal. At its deliberations a decision was reached to force them to run the gauntlet. This was formed by two lines of savage warriors on each side armed with a club ready to strike the runner as he came by. His brother was badly hurt going through, but he instantly seized a club and to the astonishment of the warriors began to knock them out right and left. Their chieftains just roared with laughter at the sprawling warriors in the grass and said he was brave. Instead of burning him at stake they set him free; what would they have done with him had he proved to be a coward? It's just the same with present every day life. Obstacles are constantly confronting us and the one who has no fear of them, just steps up dealing them a knock-out, is the man who can be depended on to achieve results. He is the man to be elevated, not the "silver-tongued" orator. If anyone thinks because a man is mute, or deaf, he is some person to be discriminated against and herded into societies "for the deaf" only just as though he was a separate unit of society, we might just as well say that unless a fellow plays a banjo he can not get into some fraternal Order. I should think a man can join what he pleases as long as he was a REAL MAN. The U. S. government ought to donate a section of land to form a community of the entire deaf population of this country and segregate them there. To say a deaf man should first join an organization that is "of and by" him is assuming he is a chattel mortgage. It's the deaf man who will mingle with every decent unit of society that's worth while. He will lead his associations to understand the statutes of the deaf, and above all he himself be understood, bringing on a more cordial understanding, increasing the chances of the deaf in the industries of the nation. I am not acquainted with Dante, nor desire to be, or I would make inquiries regarding the chances a "snowball" has in Hades.

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Many facts are in evidence that bear a relation to our much abused sign language. The mockery of the deaf's best method of interpreting their thoughts to one another seems to be diminishing, for the sign language has born numerous offspring that were adopted by the War and Navy departments. Surveyors, engineering forces, and structural steel workers have a system of signals that bear a striking resemblance to the language of the deaf. If one would closely watch a structural steel worker, of the building trade, working at a dizzy height he could instantly perceive that his signals, though not as clear as the deaf interpret them, are easily understood. It is just like the different languages of the world, in that all spoken dialects carry the same meaning, though the tone is very different. Several new buildings are in process of construction in Chicago, and among them is the far famed Tribune tower. It was here that I paused one bright afternoon to look up at what seemed to be a mere fly moving

along a beam 450 feet above the ground. Taking a position on the veranda of the Wrigley building across the street, I watched him closely and perceived he did not utter a word. All his activities were directed by a system of signals that I could distinctly understand. The signal system was necessary because conversing with the one on the ground floor through the voice was out of the question. The velocity of the wind was so great his voice could be carried across the lake into the orchards of Michigan. He made signals to the hoistman with his closed hand, the thumb appeared to be sticking straight up, and a jerk upwards indicated he wished an upward hoist. When the desired height was reached a spread out hand stopped the load and a sweep of the atmosphere indicated a right or left movement until in the proper position when a signal similar to the umpire's—a spread of the arms like a swimmer's stroke—safe signal said, "Stop, O. K." At a lull in the work the human fly glanced to where I was standing. I gave him the "hello!" signal to which he returned the army salute, then I echoed back, "How do you like to work up there?" He replied sweeping the atmosphere around him, meaning the panorama surrounding his precarious position was great. I signaled to him that I would like to be with him. He answered with a spinning motion, whirling his finger around his head a number of times and then pointed downwards. This I understood to mean that I would become dizzy and plunge headlong to the ground.

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Now comes the latest: Prof. Eidmann, of Munich, Bavaria, comes along and claims he has discovered ants are using the deaf and dumb" sign language. This he learned by having an artificial ant hill in his laboratory. His claims were based upon a close study of these insects, including their social customs, food, general routine and method of communicating thoughts. He also claims they have an efficient system of industrial indulgence that would be the envy of a large corporation. Selecting one and marking it with a white spot so he could follow its movements. He began experimenting with foods of different kinds while concentrating his studies towards their methods of communicating their findings to one another, and soon learned they possessed unusual intelligence. An ant, on finding a particle of food, exerted all its strength to carry it away, all by itself, and failing to be equal to the job, returned home for assistance. On imparting the information to others she would move up and cross antennae (touch the other with the jointed horns or feelers on their heads) with those at home. Each followed the movements of the leader in a trail but when he put paper over her tracks the others lost their way. How he gets to understand their language is the sign language of the deaf, he does not explain. The article, in part, gives another idea of his findings, thus:

"Another interesting quality is their strong sense of duty. When the news of the discovery of food has once been communicated and the little troop is on its way, nothing can lead them astray. A drop of honey placed temptingly in their path lost all its charm. A sidelong kick and an askance glance was all it got. This good principle, however, was carried to an absurd extreme. Larger pieces of better food were passed up because the ants did not know how to change their minds. This trait explained something that had puzzled the experimenter for a long time. He had often noticed in nature, that the entire swarm of ants passed over without touching particles of food such as they generally devour greedily. This he now explains as being not within the line of duty. Ants may seem to have short memories, but in Prof. Eidmann's experiments, repeatedly, after the last trace of food had been carried off the ants returned for more. This, however, can be ex-

plained biologically, for often where the head of a delectable insect is found the body may be somewhere about. We ourselves are liable to search carefully a spot where lost money has been found."

If Prof. Eidmann had been with the writer during his boyhood days down on the farm his opinion would have been the reverse. Coming in contact with them in their natural haunts it's difficult to conceive they use the "deaf and dumb" language, for their antennae is used for some other purpose than to talk. They just attack your bare feet using these antennae, or "pinchers" as the rural folks call 'em, and the torment they give you is enough to convince the most skeptical that these are something more than sign makers. Besides, if they really could talk in signs I probably could have caught one sticking his thumb in his ear and working his hand back and forth.

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The Windy City has had some rare treats in lectures among the deaf the past season. But none of them contained as much interest as the lecture given at the Pas-A-Pas Club, the proceeds to go to the benefit of the Home for the Aged and Infirm Deaf, by our esteemed Cleric Dr. James H. Cloud. His subject, "From Immigrant to Inventor," was worth going miles to see. Dr. Cloud is certainly without a peer when it comes to plain digestible sign making. His signs convey to the spectator that sense of uniform action and interpreting the subject with clarity and comprehensiveness. Most any one, not fluent in reading sign, can easily understand Dr. Cloud. By years of experience in the pulpit he has been able to acquire that which is most coveted by the deaf—CLEARNESS. When clearness is present understanding is had, and behind Understanding sits an interested audience. Lectures are rarely given without the audience being divided to diversion. They usually are composed of three divisions, thus: A division of attentive "listeners," one of gossipers over a ten dollar hat being bought at a "bargain sale" for 98 cents and the other is asleep in the chairs. But this was entirely absent at Dr. Cloud's lecture, for the simple reason that every one, with the exception of the writer who divided his time studying the psychology of the situation, was attention.

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A perplexing question has developed on the discovery that a great many supposed well-to-do deaf have cultivated the habit of borrowing their neighbor's paper. The shirking of responsibility in supporting deaf publications is growing in proportion to the population. The one who lends his paper to a non-subscriber or swaps the *Journal* for the *WORKER* is equally guilty with the one who neglects to subscribe to either. If deaf publications are to thrive they must be supported. It's not because of the news they bring but it's the price of having a paper or magazine that is entirely confined to the deaf. If subscribers would cease falling for the "crocodile tears" of their neighbor it will greatly expedite facilities for improved service in these publications.



Home of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Gouldston, Atlanta, Ga.

Mutes Skillful Drivers

Discussing the opinion of the Attorney General of New Jersey handed down recently ordering Commissioner William L. Dill of that State to grant driving licenses to deaf mutes provided they complied with the usual requirements, Motor Vehicle Commissioner Charles A. Harnett said yesterday that no objection had ever been made to licensing deaf persons in New York State if they demonstrated their ability to handle a car.

"We have given operators' licenses to about 500 deaf mutes in the institution at Malone, Rome and Rochester," said Mr. Harnett, "and so far as I know, not one of them has been involved in an accident. The deaf person, from the very nature of his affliction, is inclined to be more careful than the average. The only extra requirement we demand is that the deaf-mute's car shall carry a mirror showing the rear view from both sides of the car the deaf driver can tell very well what is behind him, but his chief attention is directed in front of him. My experience is that deaf persons, if not otherwise handicapped, are exceedingly careful and efficient drivers."—*N. Y. Times*, April, 1925.

Miami, Florida

According to Thomas Marr, the well known deaf-mute architect of Nashville, Tenn., who spent some time in Miami last winter, there are about thirty-five deaf-mutes living in Miami—all married. All own their own homes and have automobiles. None of them receive less than one dollar an hour for their labor, some even getting more than that. One of the group is a linotype operator named Chester Erwin, who works for *The Tab*, a newspaper owned by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

Mr. Marr says Miami is a fine place for conventions, even in summer. The deaf say they sleep under blankets in summer there and that the temperature never goes above 96 degrees.

UNLESS HE WERE SCOTCH

Tenderfoot—"Pa. are trousers plural or singular?"

Father—"Well, if you have a pair I'd say that they were plural, but if you didn't have a pair I'd call that singular."
—Boys' Life.

Mr. Veditz's Hobby



Mr. and Mrs. G. W. VEDITZ in their garden of prize dahlias at Colorado Springs, Colorado. Both are holding their pet doggies, Minta and Peggy, who have died lately of old age. Mrs. Veditz displays in one hand a wonderful prize dahlia of immense size and beauty. Their flower garden is a glory of delight and yields golden shekels galore.



A "close-up" of Mrs. G. W. Veditz (Elizabeth in the garden) with one of her pet doggies, Peggy; and a glorious sample of Mr. Veditz's art in growing dahlias to beat Pike's Peak.

Across the Big Pond



Group of European deaf. Left to Right: Messieurs Robert and Antoine Dresse of Liege; Ramon de Zubiaurre, Juan de Ibarondo of Spain; Monsieur and Madame Henri Gaillard of Paris; Messieurs Chr. Hansen and Westphall of Denmark.



Group of deaf paying their homage before the tomb of the French Unknown Soldier under the Arch of Triumph, Paris.

WITH THE SILENT WORKERS

By Alexander L. Pach



MIGHTY fine young fellow hailing from our sister country on the north breezed in here the other day and though I had never heard of him, before, and he is not a member of any of the organizations of the deaf that I am affiliated with, we had a nice visit because we have many friends in common. When he left (and not being busy at the time he came in, I was sorry to see him go,) he forgot to take a sheet of card board cut to fit his pocket, on which he had carefully printed:

THINGS TO SEE IN NEW YORK.

Woolworth Building
Bronx Park
Aquarium
* * *
Hudson River
Coney Island

Only modesty forbids my reproducing it just as he had it, but not to shroud the list with an air of mystery, I must explain that the row of asterisks that form one of the lines above is not a literal reproduction of his memoranda, but represents the present writer's name, which was given as one of the "Things to see in New York," and surely it is worth while to have lived long enough to be catalogued in such a compendium.

Though I had never heard of the young man before he came in, there was a smooth road from the start of our acquaintance, which is an unique feature of life for deaf people generally. In this one respect we have advantages over the hearing, and this is particularly true of those deaf people who attend Gallaudet College. In their preparatory year they will get more or less well acquainted with the members of the four classes ahead of them, and by the time they are graduated four other classes will have come in, and by this time their friendship, from a geographical standpoint, will have spread all over the United States. Even those who do not attend college form friendships that spread over great distances and give them a range far greater than their hearing neighbors have. Ask my progressive deaf man in New York to give you the names of six prominent deaf men of Chicago, six of San Francisco, and six of Los Angeles, and he can make up the list and tell you something about each, and as readily—a progressive resident of one of the other cities could do the same. Go into the average home of hearing people and make a similar request and they would laugh at you, for their acquaintance is not so widespread. The inter-related ties that bind the deaf; the two great national bodies of the deaf; the church and other elements, and above all, the newspapers for the deaf bring about this state of affairs, which is not only an unique one, but peculiar to the deaf.

Makers of cross-word puzzles who run in pronunciation of proper names as words to be fitted in the puzzle, ought to be sure that their phonetic spelling stunt really spells phone-

tic. This comment has to do with one of the series published in the last issue of this magazine. But the pronunciation of the name has floored many another person, so no blame is attached to the maker of the puzzle referred to.

An inquiry came to me recently asking if there was any easy way to acquire lip-reading. This was my opportunity to give the inquirer the benefit of the wonderful ability with which I read the lips and smooth life's pathway to the saturation point. My inquirer should not have a monopoly of it, so I am giving my readers the benefit, too. There are three combinations of circumstances when lip-reading is not only remarkably easy, but wonderfully sure. Given in the order they occur with most frequency they are:

- (a) When the speaker makes his remark and looks steadfastly at the pocket that is a receptacle for my watch, he is asking the time of day. And—
- (b) If the speaker is holding an unlighted cigar, cigarette or pipe in his hands, he wants a match. And—
- (c) When I am stopped in the street on any thoroughfare within a mile of New York's principal artery, the person inquiring wants to know which way it is to Broadway.

These, with one other combination of three words which any reader can easily think of, form my entire lip-reading attainment, and I envy those whose abilities carry them further, just as I condone with those who are not up to my attainments. As to contentment, I never have to substitute guess work, for, as previously stated, the question and their answers are sure fire.

Some time ago, several of us who were deaf happened to discuss the question pertaining to the deaf man's hardest trials. In a series of articles that appeared in this department long years ago we discussed "We Deaf, Our Woes," in which the subject was quite comprehensively discoursed on. Nothing brought out by my fellow deaf men touched on one irritating goat-getter, and in one sense an outrageous infliction which comes about when a deaf person, not a lip-reader, is thrown into a company of hearing persons, some of them able to use the manual alphabet to excellent advantage, yet all of them thoughtless or heedless of the penalty a deaf person must pay when an evidently interesting exchange of conversation is carried on by several hearing persons, and the one deaf person forced to sit it out, and polite usage even denying him the solace of reading a book or paper, even when he apologizes for taking the liberty. It has been my pleasure to have distinguished educators, on finding me the lone deaf person in an assemblage of hearing people at conventions, hold up a speaker to give me a starting slant on what was happening, so that I might follow. Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, Wesley O. Connor, F. D. Clarke, are three whom I recall having helped put me at ease in such a contingency in the past.

It does not require an expert in finger-spelling to turn an unpleasant situation into a real delight, for only a few words here and there are all that are needed. I have had good hear-

ing friends who have made me feel thoroughly at home by inserting a few words apropos here and there when hearing friends were carrying on a conversation, and I have also had mighty good friends who have ignored my presence, thoughtlessly, no doubt, who never once thought of helping out with a few spelled words that would have made the situation endurable. And how time drags under these unhappy circumstances! An hour seems like two, and when it goes over two hours, as I have known it to, one decides to one's self that he is never going to be allowed to be caught in such a contempts again, and in spite of that the unavoidable happens, and the thing has to be endured again.

These same hearing friends would, if the deaf person were a foreigner instead of deaf and who understood no English, find a way to interpret for the foreigner if any one present spoke the language, for not to do so they would regard as a gross violation of the proprieties.

Hearing people who unwittingly offend in this respect do not read this publication, so mentioning it here will not avail us anything, and the only purpose served is to add a new chapter to "We Deaf, Our Woes."

Not to get discouraged is, to borrow an expression that will be familiar to readers of the *Saturday Evening Post*, what a deaf man must never do anything else but, so I never get tired of trying to help out in the matter of the all too frequent misuse of the term "deaf."

The other day I read what follows in the *New York Evening Sun*, and from the big head lines to the close of the article there is nothing about deafness, the whole thing having to do with being merely hard of hearing:

DEAF TOLD HOW TO BE HAPPIER

Dr. Harold Hays, New York ear specialist, says there are three things for deaf persons to do if they wish to lead happier lives. These are (1) to learn lip-reading, (2) to wear a hearing device and (3) to join one of the leagues for the hard of hearing.

Lip-reading is the salvation of the deaf, Dr. Hays asserts in *Hygeia*. In the first place it stimulates the individual to a greater effort to understand and therefore stimulates the ear mechanism. But one must remember that lip-reading is a new language and that it may take years to master it. But it also takes a long time to master the German and the French languages. Once the art of lip-reading is cultivated a person's whole life is changed.

The wearing of a hearing device goes against the grain of the majority of deaf people. They are so afraid they will be found out—that they will look conspicuous. But the only people they fool is themselves, and to-day the wearing of a hearing device is so common that no one ever notices the person who wears one.

But the greatest salvation of the deaf is in joining one of the various leagues for the hard of hearing. The national federation is composed of leagues situated in various cities throughout the country. In these leagues one will find happy, deafened people who have become mentally rehabilitated. There is an atmosphere of cheer instead of gloom.

Here one is taken into the inner sanctum and made to understand that the deaf person is his own worst enemy and that he has the same rights and privileges as hearing people if he will only get the kink out of his brain and act like a hearing person.

The writer, Dr. Hays, is a hard of hearing man active in that world that has to do with the hard of hearing, or, the deafened as they love to term it. In his three recipes for increased happiness for the deaf, the first one carries most weight, for acquiring lip-reading certainly mitigates the condition, but it is not possible for all deaf people to learn to read the lips any more than it is possible for all hearing people to become pianists. We agree with the doctor that if one can learn lip-reading he will be far happier in this world.

The second suggestion seems to me to be a great deal of a joke, whichever way it is viewed. First, in the light of the

fact that deaf people never yet have been able to hear with any device of any kind, the suggestion is not only ridiculous, but makes us thousands and thousands of deaf people ridiculous in the eyes of our friends who do not know the facts, and they will have only pity and contempt for us when they read that we might hear with some sort of a device. The other phase of the matter is in that if there are hard of hearing people who can be helped with an aid to hearing, and they neglect the advantage possible through its use, then they are simply to be pitied even tho we refrain from laughing at them. We who are totally deaf would make any sacrifice to attain the precious sense of hearing, so we can naturally have no patience for those who might hear but for stubborn pride, and all in this class ought to be totally deaf as punishment.

What would one think of a person with defective sight, who, rather than wear glasses to correct his shortcoming, refused because he didn't think the glasses were becoming to him!

I have no doubt that a hard of hearing person finds a comforting level in joining an association intended for his benefit, which, in other words, means the leagues for the hard of hearing but there is one thing that these people will never learn, and that is that they are infinitely less burdened than are the totally deaf, but for some reason I cannot fathom, they seem much more dependent, and much less resourceful than are the plucky, never whimpering over their lot, the totally deaf, and those who carry the added burden of being unable to speak.

If one wants a good basis for comparison, he will get it by reading the story of the Fraternal Convention at St. Paul last summer, or that of the National Association at Atlanta the summer before, and note the expedient manner in which the business was conducted, and then read the story of the League of Hard of Hearing Clubs in convention at Washington last summer which appeared in the *Folta Review*, and made many of the features appear almost childish.

Difficulties of Ours VIII



She (tenderly) : Were you born deaf and dumb?

He (nonchalantly) : No, I was born deaf only—lost my vocabulary after I grew up.

WANTED

A reliable young deaf man desires position as instructor in printing and linotyping at a school for the deaf for the year 1925-26. Can furnish good reference. Write Gordon B. Allen, in care of THE SILENT WORKER, School for the Deaf, Trenton, New Jersey.

The Silent Worker

[Entered at the Post Office in Trenton as Second Class Matter]

ALVIN E. POPE Editor.
GEORGE S. PORTER Associate Editor and Business Mgr.

The Silent Worker is published monthly from October to July inclusive by the New Jersey School for the Deaf under the auspices of the New Jersey State Board of Education. Except for editing and proof-reading, this magazine represents the work of the pupils of the printing department of the New Jersey School for the Deaf.

The Silent Worker is the product of authors, photographers, artists, photo-engravers, linotype operators, job compositors, pressmen and proof-readers, all of whom are deaf.

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All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

Article for publication should be sent in early to insure publication in the next issue.

Rejected manuscripts will not be returned unless postage is enclosed.

Address all communications to
THE SILENT WORKER, Trenton, N. J.



Vol. 37

JUNE, 1925

No. 9

We are in receipt of a handsomely printed magazine from Japan. Unfortunately we are unable to understand the characters of the Japanese language and therefore cannot discuss its merits or demerits.

However, it has a table of contents typewritten on a loose sheet, as follows:

CONTENTS

| | |
|--|------------------------|
| Front Picture. First conference of teachers for deaf's education by oral method. | |
| Preface to the publication. | Y. Nishikawa. |
| Congratulating first publication of the magazine. ... | S. Mori. |
| Modern education of deaf child in Europe & America. | U. Kawamoto. |
| Real object of deaf education. | T. Hashimura. |
| Teaching vowels. | Nagoya, deaf's School. |
| Curing Deaf ear. | P. V. Winslow. |
| Private plan for education of deaf child in home. | Y. Nishikawa. |
| What the mother of a deaf child ought to know. | J. D. Wright. |
| Until my deaf child can talk as other hearing children. | R. Toyoda. |
| Why I educated my Hamabe by Oral method. | Y. Nishikawa. |
| First teacher's conference of oral education of the deaf. | |
| About publications of Nagoya deaf's school and deaf's educated. | |

It consists of about sixty pages. The cover, which starts at the back has a picture of a Japanese girl looking into a mirror which she holds in her right hand, ostensibly to watch the movements of her lips.

If we are not mistaken this unique (to us) magazine is edited by Y. Nishikawa, of Suayacho, Hachimay, Omi, Japan, because he appears to be the largest contributor.

Glancing at the table of contents it is easy to see that the Japanese educators are studying deaf-mute education at every angle.

Complaints

Now and then we lose a subscriber because—(1) the magazine failed to reach him; (2) pages were missing; (3) page was smeared or torn, and so forth. We freely admit that all such charges are possible and it grieves us whenever an imperfectly printed magazine gets into the hands of any one of our several thousands of subscribers.

We have only one excuse to make and that is to say that since the work is done by learners such mistakes are beyond our control.

To lose a subscriber is not a pleasant thing to contemplate, but happily the number of renewals and new subscribers exceed many times the loss.

We want our subscribers to feel free to send in their complaints, because it is the only way we have of knowing that any exist.

We usually print a sufficient number of extra copies to meet any possible claim or demand for them.

Perhaps

A few days ago a young Italian inventor, Signor Manrico Compare, announced that he had perfected a secret radio typewriter which would be able to send messages to any one of 100,000,000 places in the world in a manner that would be entirely impossible to tap in any other place.

This remarkable invention is to all outward appearances an ordinary typewriter with a sort of cash register attachment, known as the combiner.

Whenever one of the keys on the typewriter is struck, it sends a current through the combiner, which selects a Morse code letter in accordance with the combination used, and which operates only one receiving instrument. The receiving instrument is apparently another ordinary typewriter, and it writes along as the combined alphabet comes in, in clear English, or French, or whatever languages was originally used.

Transmission is quite as instantaneous as a sound in a radio receiver, and a business man can have a letter typed out to his correspondent at the other end of the earth, while the latter can read the letter as fast as it is written from the main office. The effect that this typewriter will have on business will be tremendous, as it will speed up commercial operations to a tremendous degree.

The merchant could order his goods from the plantation or the mine a second after making a deal in the city, and the stock broker could play the New York market from Hawaii or Nice with the same facility that he would have in his Wall Street office.

Newspapers can get stories from their reporters as fast as they are written and while the actual events described are going on. There is no end to the amazing possibilities of this method of recording long distance radio communications. The receiving apparatus will probably take the form of a stock exchange ticker when it is ready for marketing.—Trenton (Times-Advertiser).

After reading the above there is every reason to believe that such an instrument, if universally used like the telephone, will offer to the deaf the same privileges that it will to the hearing. Hearing in such case will be unnecessary, so after all there is a faint glimmer of hope for the deaf.

Deaf Artists

In the fall we purpose to devote a section of our magazine to the most prominent of the deaf artists of the world—a sort of exposition of their work by means of photo reproductions. The success of this venture depends on the co-operation of the artists themselves.

We realize that there are quite a number who have won distinction in art circles in this country as well as abroad and it is hoped that responses to our invitation to send us photographs of some of their best work will not be withheld later than the first of September. Photographs of the artists themselves with short biographies are also desired. By artists we mean painters, sculptors, designers, workers in precious metals and so forth.

We trust this invitation will reach every deaf artist of prominence, no matter where located, and our readers will do us and the artists of their acquaintance a favor by notifying them of our desire.

Be Careful

Deaf autoists should be very careful to observe the rules of the road and, above all, be ever alert to avoid accidents. The reason is obvious. It is hard for the average hearing person to be convinced that the deaf are capable and safe drivers. They visualize all sorts of things—killings at railroad crossings, holding up traffic in congested cities, running down innocent citizens, bumping into automobiles, and so on. Accidents by hearing people are so common that they hardly notice it, but should there be a single accident by a deaf person it gets special notice in the daily newspapers with big scare headings to the effect that the driver is a deaf person. Then a great hue and cry is raised demanding that deaf persons should not be licensed. They reason that accidents everyday by hearing persons are excusable but a single accident by a deaf person is not. This is poor reasoning, of course, and shows how little they knew about the deaf.

The New Jersey deaf having won their fight by paying the price for legal service has made the hearing public sit up and take notice. And if they find that the deaf have not been killed at railroad crossings, have not run into pedestrians or wrecked other people's cars they will come to believe that they are safe and sane drivers and no more objections will be raised.

Mr. Murdey called at the WORKER office on his way to New York and handed us the following clipping:

DEAF DRIVER SCORES BAUGHMAN'S RULING

"Most unjust"

This is how Clarence A. Murdey, deaf-mute from Los Angeles, one-time artist and recently a farmer in Iowa, characterizes the refusal of E. Austin Baughman, Commissioner of Motor Vehicles, to grant automobile license to deaf-mutes.

"The deaf-mutes want to drive for pleasure just as much as anybody else," he said last night at the Hotel Belvedere where he is staying. "We are continually on the lookout for danger all our lives. We sense it."

NEVER HAS HAD ACCIDENT

Mr. Murdey, a man of middle age with a face continually wreathed in a pleasant smile, has driven an automobile since he was a boy. Not once has he had an accident, he declared. He has steered his sedan in all weathers, under all conditions in almost every State in the Union. Once indeed, he said yesterday, his car suffered some damage, but this was when a motorist drove into him broadside. The error was so flagrantly the other man's that damages were paid immediately and without question.

There have been many times, according to Mr. Murdey, when he has assisted motorists in distress and towed them to filling stations or garages. In January, 1923, he towed ten miles to safety some boys who were stranded in the great Arizona desert. When very high hills were encountered, his car would get behind the other, push it up, then let it toboggan down the slope. The process then was repeated.

TO MAKE EXTENDED TOUR

On April 22 Mr. Murdey left Los Angeles on a coast-to-coast ride. He intends to visit Philadelphia, New York and the New England States, possibly going on to Canada. He confesses that he is vague about an immediate destination, but will make Florida for the winter. He points to his experience as being sufficient justification of the ability of deaf-mutes to control automobiles in all emergencies. In some emergencies they are quicker and more alert than others, he believes. He thinks that their minds move quicker, their eyesight is sharper, and, above all they are possessed of that subtle sixth sense which the average driver lacks.

READING IS PASTIME

Mr. Murdey's chief pastime is reading. "I read—read—read" is what he wrote down on the pad he invariably carries with him. His reading and automobile driving are among his chief joys in life, he said.

A number of the pleasures of his friends he cannot participate in and so far he is a lonely man—but he shudders to think what would happen to him if he lived in the State of Maryland and was thrown on the mercies of Mr. Baughman.

His final appeal last night was for the press of Maryland to carry on a campaign to undo the Commissioner's ruling. Quickly his pen ran over the paper and there appeared the words "Others can most ably defend us. We deaf-mutes find it terribly difficult to impress those who do not understand and do not want to understand our position."—*The Baltimore Sun*.

Vale!

That following letter is self explanatory:

May 9, 1925.

To My Friends:—

The "JEWISH DEAF" is no more!

Initiated ten years ago, primarily for the benefit of the Jewish deaf of New York, it has gradually expanded to the proportions of an independent National magazine. But since the Society for the Welfare of the Jewish Deaf has elected to terminate most of its activities (as outlined in a recent circular), the magazine's suspension is inevitable.

I know that you will share my deep regret that it is finally compelled to retire from the journalistic field. But it does so with colors flying!

May I take this occasion to offer my heartfelt gratitude for your past co-operation and to express the hope that our friendly relations will continue always.

Faithfully yours,

MARCUS L. KENNER.

Statement of Proposed Work for the Deaf at Toro

By MISS ATTLEE



TORO is situated in the Western Province of the Uganda Protectorate, practically on the Equator but at a height of over 5,000 feet above sea level, which assures a delightful climate like summer all the year round. It is about the size of Yorkshire, and has its own king called the Mukama. The country is bounded on the west by the snow-capped Ruwenzori Mountains and the Congo State belonging to Belgium, on the east it joins the Uganda Province. The Capital is Fort Portal, where there is a Government Station and two Mission Stations—one belonging to the Roman Catholics, and the other to the C. M. S. on an adjoining hill. The Girls' School, in which I have been working for some years, is at the far end of the C. M. S. hill, Kabarole. It was started by Miss Pike some time ago. There are several buildings, all situated in a large enclosure, and outside the compound are the large banana gardens and sweet potato plots cultivated by the boarders, who provide all their own food by this means. The Boarding School takes up one side in the enclosure. There are two large dormitories with room for seventy girls, and although just at present in my absence in England, there are only a few. We hope to have the place filled up later on. The boarders all have lessons with the day scholars, but we find that we can do far more in the training of character by having them sleep in the school. They begin the day by digging before breakfast, as all Batoro women do. They each have a banana garden and are responsible for providing the food for the house on the day it is their turn to cook. They learn to cultivate bananas properly. They also learn a great deal about the laws of cleanliness, and the whole School goes to the well on Friday to wash clothes and bathe in the river. Our boarders consist of pupil teachers and others who wish to become nurses, some orphans of all ages, children of teachers, etc. Damali, our deaf girl has been a boarder for some years, and the Matron says she is a splendid digger and worker and one of the best cooks. She says that Damali likes to do everything well.

On Sundays they all attend service in their own school in the mornings. I conduct one for the elder girls, and there is a special one for the tinies conducted on kindergarten methods. We have about three hundred girls attending every Sunday. In the afternoons they go to the church in the centre of the station. The Day School, with over two hundred girls attending, has three departments. (1.)—The Senior School consisting of Christian girls, and all these in training for work as teachers and nurses. Most of these classes are taken by myself or by

my senior teacher, a girl who has grown up in the School. (2.) Junior School—all below Standard 4, most of them being heathen. (3.) Kindergarten—with over one hundred little ones under seven years of age. The last two departments are taught by pupil teachers in training. Various subjects are taught, the whole school begins with scripture and prayers, then there is reading, writing, arithmetic, sewing, singing, drill, games (the Batoro children do not play in their homes) and everyone does a certain amount of handwork, instead of fees.

My special object in wishing to get in touch with those at work among the deaf is that I may be able to help my native teachers to teach the deaf with whom we come in contact. I am hoping that we may be able to have a special class for them in our School.

At present we have one elder girl. Her heathen name was Kateta, which means "the little dumb thing." She was rescued from her father who said she was of no use and only a "thing," and she was taken into the Boarding School. She was taught weaving at first, but the looms have had to be given up, as there is no cotton grown in Toro. Later, she learned all sorts of handwork. She is very clever with her fingers, and can make all sorts of baskets and mats, and do very beautiful bead work. She takes part in the drill too. She was baptized by the name of Damali (Damaris) and about two years ago she was confirmed. She is so bright and quick and of the most affectionate disposition. I am longing that she should know how to read. She bought books like the other girls, but she cannot read her Bible. She loves a Coppins Bible that a friend gave her, and can explain the pictures with signs. I feel she could help with younger deaf children if we gave her more teaching.

Samuriri (Samuel) is another of our deaf children. He has a Christian mother and was baptized in infancy. His mother thought it was no use sending him to school. He used to do nothing at home but he enjoys the Kindergarten games. He could be taught a good deal more.

Efulaimu is another boy who became deaf and dumb after cerebro spinal meningitis. He is bright and it is sad to see him. At present he looks after goats and that is all.

There are other children, no doubt, whom we could get hold of if we had a special class for them, and we could take others from a distance as boarders. Our elder girls (some of whom are guides) and the pupil teachers would all be keen to learn to help in any way, and we could be free at any time or arrange services for them.



Left to right—Roy Ervin, Joseph Devlin, Martin Minkle (Corning, N. Y.), Frank Murray, William Fitzpatrick, Morris Knox, Mrs. Roy Ervin, Mrs. Fitzpatrick, Mrs. Minkle, Mrs. Murray, Mrs. Knox.



THE ARGONAUT

By J. W. Howson

AS OUTLINED perviously in these columns, the bill fathered by Senator Breed imposing regulations upon drivers of automobiles has passed both houses of the California state legislature and now only awaits the signature of the governor to become a law. Though the governor has announced his intention of vetoing many of the bills which are to come before him, the strong backing which this bill has from all sections of the state makes its passage seem assured.

There was little or no opposition apparent to the bill on the floor of either house. The campaign which the deaf carried on to protect their interests has resulted in a flood of evidence upholding the right of the deaf to drive cars, and proclaiming their competency as drivers. The deaf seem to have been practically alone in their concern over the bill. Had there been united opposition to the proposed measure from other quarters, assisting the deaf in their efforts, results might have been different.

Another of the Breed bills, one increasing the present state tax on gasoline from 2 to 3 cents a gallon, met with determined opposition from the Standard Oil company, as well as the majority of the automotive interests in Southern California. In spite of this, the bill passed both houses by a narrow margin, and it too waits the governor's signature. If these powerful interests failed to defeat a measure unpleasant to them, little wonder that the deaf working alone and almost unaided proved unable to stem the tide of a popular measure.

The bill affecting motor drivers is far from drastic in its nature, and little immediate concern need be felt by the deaf. As an entering wedge for future further regulations the situation presents some danger. For the present, at least no drivers of automobiles now licensed, are to be disturbed except for cause. Throughout the bill there are references to "defective hearing," imposing as the deaf well know undue emphasis upon that point. The Division of Motor Vehicles is given authority to conduct a hearing to determine whether a license shall be revoked or suspended upon receipt of a verified complaint that an operator is afflicted with such mental or physical infirmity or disability as would constitute grounds for refusal of a license under the act. One can readily imagine a nervous, or disgruntled, hearing driver filing a complaint against a deaf driver. The complainant will probably have the surprise of his life in finding out that state officials are pretty well fed up on the competency of the deaf as drivers, and also that there is plenty of evidence to back up the same. We have letters from officials extolling the deaf as being as good as, if not better than, ordinary hearing operators.

Under the proposed law persons known to be habitual drunkards or drug addicts, persons previously adjudged insane or an idiot, imbecile, epileptic or feeble-minded person who has not been restored to competency are to be refused

licenses. Persons convicted of manslaughter or felony, resulting directly from the use of a motor vehicle, and those convicted three times in one year of speeding or reckless driving will forfeit their licenses.

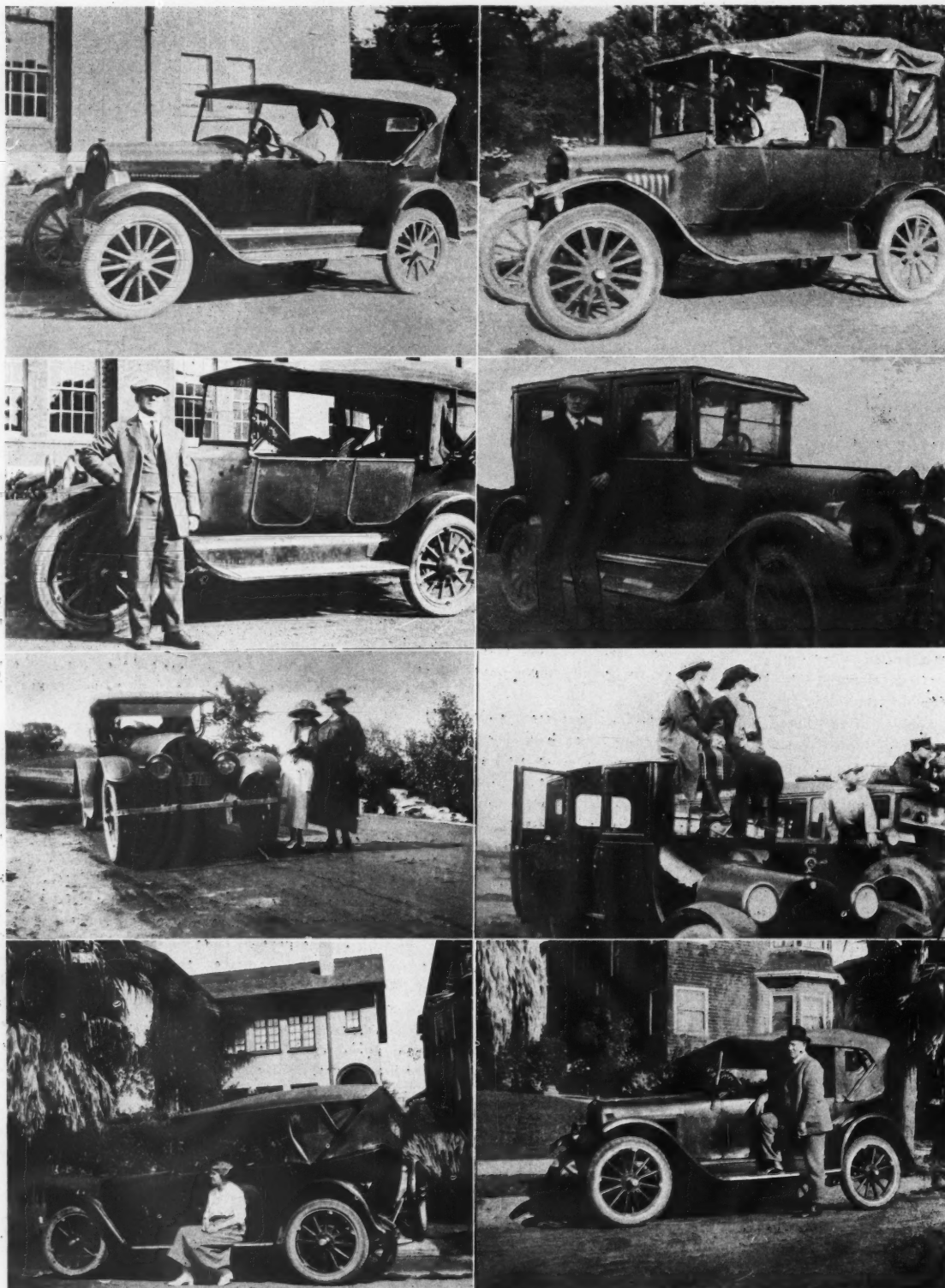
In the case of the deaf not now possessed of licenses, they will, to secure the same, need to file a statement, as everyone else must, regarding the condition of their eyesight and hearing, whether they have normal use of both hands and both feet and whether they have ever been afflicted with epilepsy, paralysis, insanity or other disease or disability affecting their ability to exercise reasonable and ordinary control over a motor vehicle. An examination may also be held to test the driver under actual operation of a motor vehicle and his ability to understand highway warning and direction signs.

In case any driver shall question a decision of the motor Vehicle Division suspending or revoking his license, the proposed law provides that he may appeal the case to the superior court, whose decision shall be final without right of appeal.

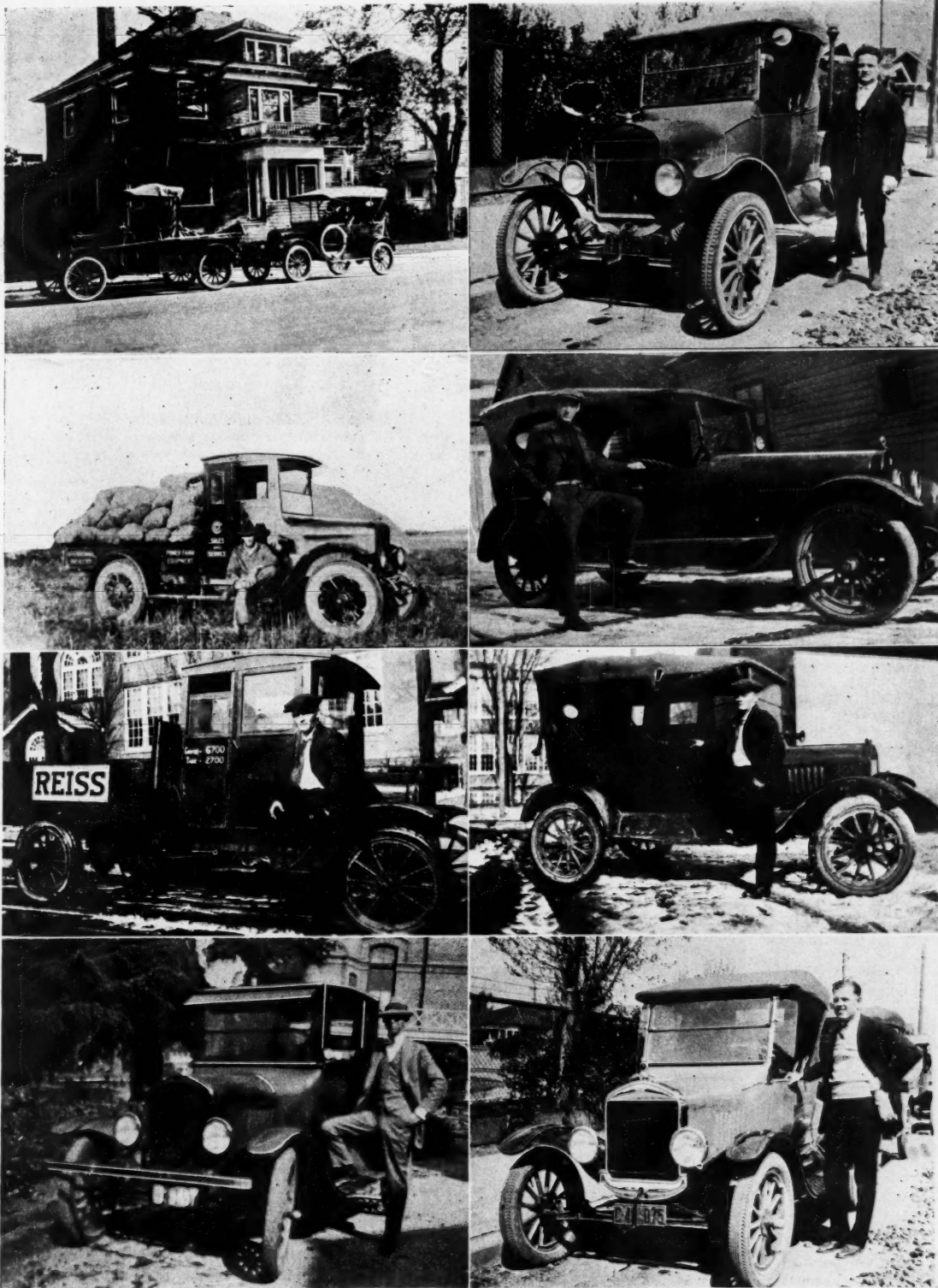
Taking the bill all in all, the average person will probably consider it extremely reasonable. To the deaf it will appear as laying far too much emphasis upon defective hearing. The ordinary deaf applicant, for a license, who can demonstrate his ability to handle a car, will doubtless have no trouble in securing his license. If other physical disabilities present themselves, a license may and indeed likely will be refused. Deaf motorists already in possession of licenses need to guard against careless and reckless driving. They should at all times keep within the speed limits. They should acquaint themselves with all the general rules of highway traffic and follow the same carefully, and they should familiarize themselves with local regulations as to parking, one way streets, boulevard stops, etc. There are many state and local regulations which the general public is constantly violating, but the deaf should guard against such infractions, as they are often reported and every little mark chalked up against the deaf driver may later in the case of a serious infraction count heavily.

Then, too, individual drivers owe something to the deaf as a class. It is evident that the aim of the proposed law is to consider drivers individually. But there cannot help being segregation and where one driver breaks the rules he is none the less injuring the deaf as a class. The deaf have too much at stake for it to be risked by a few individuals. As the Deaf Citizens' Protective League's circular states:

Aside from the pleasures which automobiling affords, many of the deaf are practically depended upon their automobiles for support. There could be named offhand a score of farmers, several building contractors, and men in trades and business, to whom the use of the automobile is vital, and who would be practically ruined if deprived of the same. Some of these have families and hearing relatives dependent upon them, to say nothing of their employees and the families of the latter. Many pay taxes for street work and the upkeep of the



Left to right, from top to bottom—E. Peixotto and his touring car. Mr. Peixotto has come to visit his alma mater once more, and being from a country town, no way could be more delightful or convenient than to motor in; Peter Barthe finishes hardwood floors and he needs a car for transportation of materials and implements. Otherwise he could not stand the keen competition in this trade; Franklin Styles has come from San Jose in his touring car, to attend a gathering of old schoolmates. The speed with which automobiling annihilates distance, makes such gathering much more common than formerly; Frederick Brandt, and his Chevrolet sedan. Mr. Brandt has been driving cars for six years in Minnesota and has never met with an accident; Miss Leone Morden and Mrs. J. J. McNeill, of St. Paul, are out for a spin in Miss Morden's Cadillac roadster. As a means of recreation, the automobile is extremely popular with such of the fair sex as may possess one; Mrs. Henry Franck and Mrs. Murray Campbell, of Berkeley, Cal., have a convenient place upon the top of Mrs. Campbell's Dodge sedan, from which to watch an Oakland Silent football team in action. One wonders what has happened to produce the animation they display; Mrs. J. W. Howson drives the family Durant car carefully and well. It not only provides for social calls, but makes daily trips to market. It is far more convenient and economical for the deaf housewife to market direct than to order over the phone, by proxy; Isaac Lipsett rides his Chevrolet car to such an extent that he hardly knows what a streetcar looks like.



Left to right, from top to bottom—These cars going all day and often at night are a vital part of Mr. Lester's business and any interference with his right to operate them would be disastrous; James Turner comes up from San Jose twice a week to the Oakland Silent Club rooms and thinks nothing of the hundred miles of automobiling this involves; Leo C. Wolter and his truck with eighty bushels of potatoes on it. Mr. Wolter is known as the potatoe king of Osseo, a small town near Minneapolis; Mr. Wolter also drives a Buick car, when not selling potatoes from his eighty acre farm; Art Osking and his truck. Art delivers coal for the Reiss Coal Company of Minnesota during the winter and employs the truck for hauling ashes in summer; Mr. Osking and his Ford touring car. As will be noticed many of the deaf possess more than one car, an inexpensive luxury where one or both are used in business; W. S. Runde and his coupe. Mr. Runde rides daily from home to the California School for the Deaf, and the use of his car has enabled him to select a choice and secluded homesite. The car is absolutely essential to the many calls upon his time; Oscar Lee and his sport roadster. Mr. Lee's car pilots him daily to work and being a member of the Oakland Silent's baseball team it furnishes handy transportation to the ball grounds.



Deaf men are not infrequently employed as mechanics in garages, but a garage operated by deaf owners is rather unusual. This garage, The Hughes Hotel Garage of Fresno, was run by two men, W. W. Worthington and Jas. R. Yost. The great business depression in Fresno no doubt caused its closing, but, while in operation, a bookkeeper and three mechanics were regularly employed.

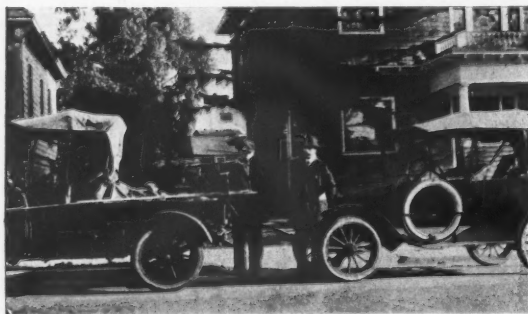
latter, and they would deem it a rank injustice to forbid them the use of roads, whose construction and upkeep they are helping to maintain.

❖ ❖ ❖

Had former Senator Walter Eden and his deaf wife been present at Sacramento, the Breed bill would no doubt have been considerably altered as far as its reference to the deaf is concerned. It was due to the persuasion of Senator Eden, ably assisted by his wife that influenced Senator Breed to make such modifications in his bill two years ago, at the previous session of the legislature. Owing to change of residence and the state of his health Senator Eden was not a candidate for re-election and thus the deaf lost a able ally of their cause.

❖ ❖ ❖

Bret Harte started the *Overland Magazine* in 1868. This magazine has been closely identified with California literature. Indeed it has been said, "Then it was that California literature was born." Mark Twain, Joaquin Miller, Edward Roland Sill, Ina Coolbrith, Charles Warren Stoddard, and others, formed a galaxy of noted contributors. Later on came Edwin Markham, Dan de Guille, Kate Douglas Wiggin, Josiah Royce, and others of nation-wide renown. The *Overland* marked the beginning of Bret Harte's rise to fame. His works were collected, such as the "Heathen Chinese" and "The Luck of Roaring Camp," were hunted up and given world-wide notice. One of the poems that was not republished



W. M. Lester, master plumber, with two of his cars and an assistant. These cars going all day and often at night are a vital part Mr. Lester's business, and any interference with his right to operate them would be disastrous.

and one which appears in none of Bret Harte's public works, has just been brought to light by Professor Leon J. Richardson, of the University of California. Professor Richardson is the son-in-law of Warring Wilkinson and is naturally much interested in the poem, for it was read at the founding of the California School for the Deaf and the Blind in Berkeley in 1867. Bret Harte and Warring Wilkinson came together to California via the Panama route and between them there sprang up a life-long friendship. The poem follows:

"Here no flashing signal falls
Over darkened sea and sail;
Here no ruddy light-house calls
Whitewinged commerce with its hail;
But above the peaceful vale
Watchful, silent, calm and pale,
Science lifts her beacon walls.

"Love, alone the lamp whose beam
Shines above the troubled stream;
Here shall Patience, wise and sweet
Gather round her waiting feet
God's unfinished few, whom fate
And their fallings consecrate;
Haply that her skill create
What His will left incomplete.

"Ah, Bethsaida's pool no more
Sees the miracle of yore!
Faith no more to blinded eyes
Brings the light that skill denies;
Not again shall part on earth
Lips that nature sealed from birth,
Though these stones are eloquent,
Love eternal still abides
Underneath the arching sky;
And His hand through Science guides
Speechless lip and sightless eye.

"This is our Bethsaida's pool,
This our Thaumaturgic school;
We, O Lord, more dumb than these—
Knowing but of bended knees
And the sign of clasped hands—
Here upon our western sands,
By these broad Pacific seas,
Though these stones are eloquent,
And our feeble faltering speech,
Gains what once the pebbles lent
On the legendary beach
Unto Old Demosthenes."

❖ ❖ ❖

As is usual when school teachers get together shop talk will start. On this particular occasion, the theme turned to school examiners. The tales told may have dated from the Ark, but that does not bar retelling them. So the story runs there was an ingenious young teacher in Santa Cruz, state of California. An examiner visited her school every six months with a variegated set of questions which he handed the school marm. The latter put the questions one by one before the class asking such of the pupils as knew the answers to raise their hands. As always every blessed child in the class had a hand raised and every child called upon to recite gave the right answer. This went on for some years until the examiner solved the riddle. Upon applying the questions himself, he found that such of the pupils as had their right hands raised knew the answer, and of course the teacher was very careful not to call upon pupils with lifted left hands.

School teachers as a class abhor such subterfuges, yet it almost has its counterpart in the Sunday School class, where the pupils on exhibition had a set list of questions, which according to rote went to the first pupils: "Who was the first man?" "Adam" To the second pupil came the question; "Who made you?" "God" And so on the list ran through the class. On a certain occasion when the second question was propounded, "Who made you?" the answer came back, "I don't know." "Don't you know that God made you?", asked the astonished teacher. "Not me," replied the pupil, "The boy that God made is absent."

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The film version of Sir A. Conan Doyle's story, "The Lost World," is now being shown in San Francisco, after making a hit in its initial exhibition in New York City. This is the play in which Douglas Tilden assisted so materially in designing the prehistoric animals. Meredith O'Brien and Isaac Lipsett also played lesser roles. O'Brien filmed a portion of the scenes and Lipsett did some wood carving.

❖ ❖ ❖

There is strong likelihood that the California Association of the Deaf will meet this summer in Oakland. The Oakland Silents have offered to act as hosts during the convention, which will insure a successful meeting. The Oakland club has adopted the policy of hospitality to other organizations of the deaf. Berkeley Division of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf now uses the club parlor for its monthly meetings. The boxing and wrestling exhibitions and the barn dance recently given by the club were big successes and largely attended.

OBITUARY



GERTRUDE BEEKMAN MCGOVERN
Born March 11, 1886. Died April 5, 1925.

The deceased was born in Phoenix, N. Y., and received her education in the Phoenix High School. She never attended a school for the deaf. Funeral services were held at the Trinity Church, the Rev. Dr. Jaynes officiating. Burial took place in the Phoenix Cemetery, Dr. Jaynes reading the committal service.

Her passing will be mournful to her many friends both deaf

and hearing, who will not soon forget her for she was the life of every party she was with, being always ready for anything, a joke, a dare or a chance to help.

She is survived by her husband, James A. McGovern and by five sisters, Mrs. J. Fred Keller, Mrs. Hazel Vaeth, Mrs. Jessie Dingman, and Mrs. H. L. Holmes, all of Syracuse, and Mrs. James Marshall, of Utica.

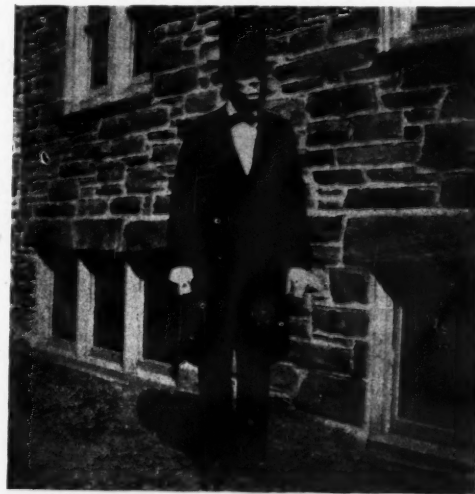
If you hate your enemies, you will contract such a vicious habit of mind as by degrees will break out upon those who are your friends, or those who are indifferent to you.—Plutarch.

HOPEFUL

The landlord came to collect from an old negro widow.

"Where is your husband?"

"Poor Rastus," she replied; "I hope he's gone where I 'spects he ain't."—Ziegler Magazine.



Mr. Townley H. Mondeau, as he appeared when impersonating Abraham Lincoln



Mr. David F. Speece made a creditable resemblance to George Washington

A historical miracle was perpetrated when the Father of his Country and the Great Emancipator appeared together recently at an entertainment in All Souls' Church for the Deaf, in Philadelphia.

With The Cross-Word Puzzle Fans

By GORDON B. ALLEN



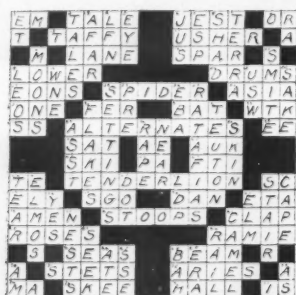
RUTCH has given you his photo, tubs and soap, and Japanese imitation pearl necklaces and we gave you a tube of Colgate's Antiseptic, Economical, Calcium Carbonate Ribbon Dental Cream; now we are going to make your hardware shine.

We are offering two prizes, a first and second prize. The first prize will be a cake of Enoch Morgan's Sons' famous genuine Sapolio, guaranteed to take the rust off your cooking utensils and the corns off your toes and the freckles off your face if you have any. Whether Enoch is in any way related to J. P. Morgan I cannot say, nevertheless, his Sapolio is the very best—we use it, hence we should know.

Our second prize will be a cute little round box of J. L. Prescott's Enameline No. 4 Stove Polish (not rouge). This polish was manufactured in the metropolis of the world, New York City, which assures great satisfaction. It makes good shoe polish and is recommended as a very pleasing facial treatment for your maid or cook, if she is colored. No cosmetic, lotions, plasters or vapor sprays needed, neither is diet and fasting necessary. The use of this polish for her complexion is very simple and pleasing.

We wish to state here that there was a slight error made in the drawing of the design, which was not noticed until too late to make a new cut. You will note that the vertical line following Vertical 63 was jumped. The letters in this vertical line are the two vowels "O E".

With this correction we feel assured that you will have little difficulty with the puzzle. Do not delay in sending in your solution. Your corns and utensils and your maid are waiting for the prizes.



THE MAY SOLUTION AND HONOR ROLL

- 1 William E. Hoy, Cininnati, Ohio.
- 2 Mrs. C. V. Dillenschneider, Kansas City, Missouri.
- 3 Oscar M. C. Freeman, La Grange, Ga.
- 4 Mary E. Hart, Savannah, Georgia.
- 5 Archie B. Babcock, North Loup, Nebraska.
- 6 Mrs. Maude Creech, Choice, Texas.
- 7 Henry Watt, Los Angeles, California.
- 8 Miss Beatrice Baker, Dallas, Texas.
- 9 Claude Samuelson, Rochester, New York.

Dear Puzzle Editor Allen:—Inclosed you will find my solution to your puzzle which I took great interest in working on. Tenderloin is where I got stumped for awhile. I prefer to think it is tenderlion instead of a misspelled word.

I wish you would send me a sample of tenderlion meat as a prize for my solution. Wm. E. H.

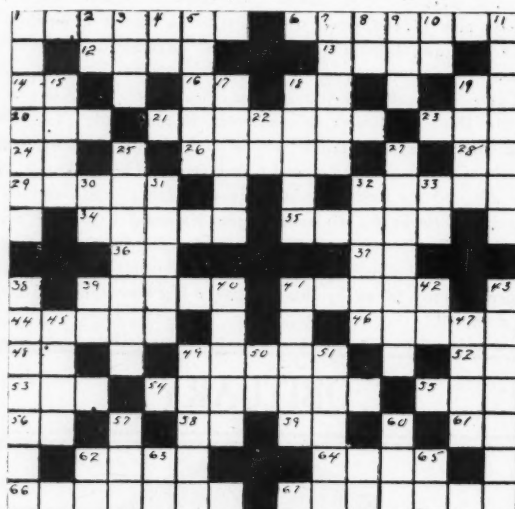
Ask your butcher for a sample, Bill, it's a catch.

Dear Puzzle Editor:—Inclosed is my solution to your puzzle. Since the SILENT WORKER came this evening I have worked on this puzzle for one and a quarter hours. I guess I am getting familiar with the cross-word puzzles. I hope that this reaches you before the others and that I won't be kidded in regard to getting a good prize.

Yours, Mrs. C. V. D.

Try the June puzzle, C. V., no kidding here.

HERE'S OUR JUNE PUZZLE, WATCH YOUR STEP



HORIZONTAL

- 1 Three of a kind united.
- 6 Outer skin of a fruit.
- 12 Pageantry; ostentation.
- 13 First; at first.
- 14 District of Columbia.
- 14 An exclamation denoting surprise.
- 18 Bertha Druggon (initials).
- 19 Major baseball league (abbr.).
- 20 Covering of the seed of plants.
- 21 Sounded as a fog signal.
- 23 Slippery and slim.
- 24 Accomplish; act, (reversed).
- 26 The headman of a barrio or town.
- 28 Errors excepted (abbr.).
- 29 Jumps; rushes.
- 32 A SILENT WORKER writer.
- 34 To court in a silly manner.
- 35 Hidden stock; treasure.
- 36 East Africa (abbr.).
- 37 South America (abbr.).
- 39 Where our food comes from, (pl.).
- 41 Whirls rapidly.
- 44 A kind of fruit (pl.).
- 46 To pelt with stone.
- 48 Pennsylvania.
- 49 Public opinion; public report, (pl.).
- 52 A Preposition.
- 53 An epoch.
- 54 Another SILENT WORKER pen-pusher.
- 55 A girl's name.
- 56 Used before a word beginning with a vowel.
- 58 A pronoun.
- 59 Right Ascension, (abbr.).
- 61 A printer's measure.
- 62 Professor of French at Gallaudet.
- 64 To rove about; ramble.
- 66 Wet and muddy.
- 67 Stenographers (abbr.).

VERTICAL

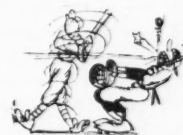
- 1 Young frog; polliwog.
- 2 Jumbled type, (reversed).
- 3 A famous deceased poet.
- 4 Ludwig Mendelssohnbartholdy, (itl.).
- 5 Garment worn by Jewish high priests of ancient times.
- 7 A common Mexican man's name.
- 8 Ireland, (abbr.).
- 9 Christian Science Missionary (abbr.).
- 10 A preposition.
- 11 Used in lifting weights, (pl.).
- 15 A collection of laws.
- 17 Once more; on the other hand.
- 18 In-finished work; bungling workman.
- 19 Want; have occasion for.
- 22 Height, (abbr.).
- 25 Becomes visible; comes into view.
- 27 One who has gone astray, (pl.).
- 30 Similar; while.
- 31 Mount into the air; fly aloft.
- 32 Foundation on which a thing rests. chief ingredient.
- 33 Anno Domini—in the year or our Lord, (abbr.).
- 38 Invokes aid; has recourse to.
- 39 Fancy Arts, (abbr.).
- 40 Acute; witty.
- 41 A Texas young ox.
- 42 Thus; therefore.
- 43 Occupants.
- 45 To merit; to deserve.
- 47 Knob; knot.
- 49 Trust; confidence.
- 50 Master, (abbr.).
- 51 To begin; to wince.
- 57 Any vegetable infusion; supper.
- 60 Often tied to a dog's tail.
- 62 More than one, (abbr.).
- 63 Easy Street, (abbr.).
- 65 Missouri.



ATHLETICS

Sporting news of, by, and for the deaf will be welcomed by this department.

Edited by F. A. MOORE



Albert Berg. By Gosh.



HE FOLLOWING, from the New England Pilot, under the caption "Handicaps need not Hold Back any Man," is quite complimentary to and deserved by our friend, Albert Berg.

"One of our agents in Indianapolis, Albert Berg, is deaf, and teaches at the Indiana State School for the Deaf during the daytime, soliciting Life Insurance when he can. Yet he has been a very consistent producer of late—having taken an application almost every week since March first. Because Mr. Berg has to tell his message by means of the printed or written word rather than the spoken, his work is that much more worthy of praise. We congratulate him on his fine record—which only shows once more that few difficulties can hold out against real attacks. Like the visible horizon, they fly before those who are determined to advance!"

During his insurance writing career, Mr. Berg has placed over a million dollars worth of insurance in standard companies, upon the lives of deaf men and women.

The deaf always rise superior to their handicap in one way or another; they are a cheerful, industrious people who abide by the laws of the land which has educated them and which protects them as citizens. They are an asset to any commonwealth.

But Mr. Berg has done more than the average deaf man. He has worked and won where rivalry is fiercest. We congratulate Albert Berg.—*The Deaf-Mutes' Journal* (New York).

We are reminded by the above of how Dr. Hotchkiss used to digress during recitations to talk of football as played by the Old Boys at Gallaudet in the old days. One thing in particular which he delighted to recount was Albert Berg's exploits as a drop-kicker. Dr. Hotchkiss claimed that Mr. Berg was then the best in that line in the District. He also claimed that Berg had no equal when it came to doing stunts on the horizontal bar.

He left Gallaudet in 1887 and became the sole paid coach of the University of Purdue's first Varsity football team. Recently at the dedication exercises of the University's new stadium he was the guest of the Alumni and at the Varsity "P" banquet he was honored with a place at the head-table. Upon being asked to say something he gave out the following greeting:



ALBERT BERG

"Gentlemen: For reasons of health I had decided not to be with you today and wrote your assistant alumni secretary several days ago to the effect. But the request for my presence at your Home-Coming festivities was insistent and it was difficult not to respond to so generous a welcome. In my humble capacity as coach of Purdue's first football team in '87, this welcome is appreciated from the bottom of my heart.

"It was not until last evening that I made up my mind to come and it was then too late for me to prepare a formal address. And, if I had time to do so, it would be submitted with diffidence before so distinguished a gathering as this. Anyway, it is a long stretch of time—these thirty-seven years—a stretch that almost transcends the average span of human life, and my recollection of incidents of those days is rather hazy. Remster and Burris, manager and captain, respectively, of the team, no doubt, have better memories and are, to use football vernacular, by a long "pass," better qualified than I to relate them. So if either is here, I leave it to them to tell the story.

"Perhaps you noted that I have left out any exalted titles to which Remster and Burris may have attained since '87. When we come back to our alma mater at a time and for an occasion such as this, we prefer to be just the boys of old over again and I am sure my esteemed friends left their dignity at home and wish to be regarded as boys again.

"In my letter to the assistant alumni secretary, I wrote a few things about the boys who fought for Purdue's glory on the gridiron

in the year long agony. I hope she will repeat them for me in some way.

"In closing these few impromptu remarks, I wish to say that I have, with justifiable pride, followed the structure of football prestige that each succeeding team representing the Black and Gold has built upon the foundation which we of '87 had laid."

We quote from the Purdue Alumnus, the University periodical, under the caption "Primitive Football at Purdue," the following:

"Early in the fall of 1887 a few enthusiastic individuals called a meeting and an athletic organization was effected.

"At a subsequent meeting the writer suggested the colors. Old Gold and Black, borrowed from Princeton and, doubtless, due to the fact that he was the only party present who had ever seen a game played, he was chosen captain of the newly-organized team.

"Suits of bed-ticking and brown canvas were made by a local tailor at a nominal cost, paid from a fund mostly subscribed by occupants of the dorm.

"Goals were erected on the open campus in front of the dorm and a mute, one Albert Berg, living in Lafayette, was engaged as coach at a price of one dollar per lesson.

"This fellow had learned the game in Washington where he had attended school.

"Fancy, if you will, a mute coaching a football team! Also,

football togs without shields, balloon tires, pads or protection fore or aft!"

Mr. Berg was also sole paid coach of Butler University in '88 and of Franklin College in '89. He was Athletic Director of the Indiana School for the Deaf for over twenty years. He played on the school baseball and football teams for many years until forced to give way to younger and better players, and then he officiated subsequently as umpire and referee.

While at Gallaudet he was with that famous team "The Kendalls" in both baseball and football. Only men of brains could aspire and win a place on such a team and so we do not wonder that Mr. Berg is now making a success in the Insurance field.



BUFFALO SACS

Standing, left to right—W. Myle, B. Rata, F. Krahling, L. Wanat.
Sitting—L. Mohn, T. Hinchey, T. Hunt, A. Rybaren.

Bowling

SILENT RECREATIONAL LEAGUE OF ST. PAUL

The West 1924 champions, rolling 4,060 to 3,813 in the five games April 5, 1925, on the Pfister Alleys, St. Paul, Minn., won the championship of the Silent Recreation League from the South team champions of 1925.

To Rudolph Poelzer, of the West team, went the individual honors for the afternoon. He collected for a 1,046 grand total. Close behind him was Joseph Walser of the South team with 893, made with scores of 235 and 224 in the second and fifth games and other 3 games below 162.

Not so strange to say, Rudolph Poelzer had only an error in his run of 1,046. It was almost perfect bowling.

Russell Fetzer took single honors with 240 with five strikes, two spares and an error in the fourth game.

Michael Harrer, captain of the South team, is on the sick list.

The sixth game did not bowl through the captains' agreement. The West team is 247 points ahead the South team.

STANDING OF CLUBS AT END OF FIRST HALF

| | Games | Won | Lost | Ave. |
|-------------|-------|-----|------|--------|
| West | 36 | 20 | 16 | 750-7 |
| South | 36 | 19 | 17 | 751-28 |
| North | 36 | 18 | 18 | 736-19 |
| East | 36 | 15 | 21 | 728-25 |

STANDING OF CLUBS AT END OF SECOND HALF

| | Games | Won | Lost | Ave. |
|-------------|-------|-----|------|--------|
| South | 36 | 28 | 8 | 764-27 |
| West | 36 | 21 | 15 | 770-35 |
| East | 36 | 12 | 24 | 725-35 |
| North | 36 | 11 | 25 | 725-22 |

SEASON'S RECORDS

High 3 games team total, North 2,526.
 High 1 game team total, South 907.
 High 3 games individual, total, Wilczek 636.
 High 1 game individual, total, Poelzer 257.

Rudolph Poelzer won the individual bowling honors of the Silent Recreation League with the grand average of 171-62. The league schedule ended March 30. William Wilczek, captain of the North team, was a close second with the average of 170-41.

The North bowlers captured a majority of the Silent Re-

On the Pflister Alys No. 3 and 4
 April 5, 1925

| WEST..... | 840 | 786 | 818 | 827 | 786 | 4060 | |
|-------------------|------|-----|-----|-----|-----|------|-----|
| SOUTH..... | 760 | 818 | 728 | 715 | 791 | 3813 | |
| WEST..... | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 |
| T. Elliott..... | 9 | 28 | 37 | 67 | 97 | 122 | 142 |
| 472 | 19 | 28 | 37 | 57 | 76 | 85 | 101 |
| 9 | 29 | 47 | 55 | 62 | 70 | 78 | 96 |
| 9 | 16 | 34 | 42 | 50 | 67 | 74 | 82 |
| 9 | 16 | 35 | 44 | 63 | 72 | 81 | 88 |
| 9 | 24 | 33 | 62 | 61 | 75 | 94 | 109 |
| 712 | 16 | 25 | 34 | 54 | 72 | 89 | 98 |
| 15 | 24 | 54 | 62 | 101 | 110 | 118 | 126 |
| 9 | 29 | 58 | 78 | 92 | 100 | 113 | 121 |
| 20 | 35 | 41 | 57 | 76 | 85 | 93 | 110 |
| R. Feltzer..... | 20 | 39 | 48 | 57 | 77 | 106 | 125 |
| 879 | 17 | 24 | 43 | 52 | 60 | 70 | 89 |
| 20 | 37 | 55 | 70 | 79 | 87 | 96 | 123 |
| 30 | 60 | 90 | 116 | 136 | 153 | 161 | 181 |
| 8 | 16 | 32 | 52 | 82 | 112 | 139 | 157 |
| D. Ungaretti..... | 9 | 30 | 69 | 98 | 117 | 126 | 133 |
| 751 | 20 | 34 | 45 | 65 | 83 | 91 | 99 |
| 20 | 38 | 47 | 67 | 86 | 95 | 102 | 123 |
| 7 | 26 | 35 | 41 | 60 | 79 | 88 | 107 |
| 20 | 38 | 46 | 54 | 73 | 93 | 112 | 121 |
| 20 | 49 | 67 | 76 | 104 | 124 | 144 | 173 |
| R. Poelzer..... | 19 | 28 | 48 | 70 | 100 | 135 | 165 |
| 1046 | 30 | 57 | 79 | 98 | 116 | 147 | 167 |
| 20 | 48 | 78 | 108 | 136 | 155 | 164 | 183 |
| 20 | 48 | 68 | 88 | 115 | 135 | 157 | 178 |
| Grand Total..... | 4060 | | | | | | 203 |

creation League honors. They had the high three game total as a resulting of counting 2,526. The South team shot high team game with 907.

The high single for three games was won by William Wilczek with 636. The high individual single game total was 257 for Rudolph Poelzer. The following are the averages:

| | Games | Ave. |
|---------------------------------|-------|--------|
| 1. Rudolph Poelzer, West | 69 | 171-62 |
| 2. William Wilczek, North | 72 | 170-41 |
| 3. Carl Luz, South | 71 | 167-43 |
| 4. Dante Ungaretti, West | 66 | 165-12 |
| 5. Michael Harrer, South | 60 | 162-36 |
| 6. Emil Rishavy, East | 72 | 161-31 |
| 7. Joseph Walner, South | 39 | 157-33 |
| 8. August Brueske, South | 72 | 156-19 |
| 9. William Hennaman, East | 65 | 153-24 |
| 10. Russell Feltzer, West | 70 | 149-53 |
| 11. Michael Alm, East | 36 | 148-15 |

| | | |
|---------------------------------|----|--------|
| 12. Fred McNabb, North | 64 | 148 |
| 13. Joseph Bantz, West | 67 | 144-20 |
| 14. Ray Fielder, East | 30 | 143-5 |
| 15. Leo Werner, North | 35 | 142-25 |
| 16. John Langford, East | 27 | 142-2 |
| 17. Walter Falmoe, South | 63 | 141-16 |
| 18. Ed. Chenvert, North | 71 | 141-1 |
| 19. Royal Savage, North | 21 | 140-7 |
| 20. Fred Lust, East | 72 | 139-55 |
| 21. Thoast Elliott, West | 42 | 136-24 |
| 22. Bryon Berke, West | 36 | 136-13 |
| 23. Clarence Marsh, North | 43 | 129-41 |
| 24. Lawrence Ryan, East | 15 | 117-11 |

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
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183 | 184 | 185 | 186 | 187 | 188 | 189 | 190 | 191 | 192 | 193 | 194 | 195 | 196 | 197 | 198 | 199 | 200 | 201 | 202 | 203 | 204 | 205 | 206 | 207 | 208 | 209 | 210 | 211 | 212 | 213 | 214 | 215 | 216 | 217 | 218 | 219 | 220 | 221 | 222 | 223 | 224 | 225 | 226 | 227 | 228 | 229 | 230 | 231 | 232 | 233 | 234 | 235 | 236 | 237 | 238 | 239 | 240 | 241 | 242 | 243 | 244 | 245 | 246 | 247 | 248 | 249 | 250 | 251 | 252 | 253 | 254 | 255 | 256 | 257 | 258 | 259 | 260 | 261 | 262 | 263 | 264 | 265 | 266 | 267 | 268 | 269 | 270 | 271 | 272 | 273 | 274 | 275 | 276 | 277 | 278 | 279 | 280 | 281 | 282 | 283 | 284 | 285 | 286 | 287 | 288 | 289 | 290 | 291 | 292 | 293 | 294 | 295 | 296 | 297 | 298 | 299 | 300 | 301 | 302 | 303 | 304 | 305 | 306 | 307 | 308 | 309 | 310 | 311 | 312 | 313 | 314 | 315 | 316 | 317 | 318 | 319 | 320 | 321 | 322 | 323 | 324 | 325 | 326 | 327 | 328 | 329 | 330 | 331 | 332 | 333 | 334 | 335 | 336 | 337 | 338 | 339 | 340 | 341 | 342 | 343 | 344 | 345 | 346 | 347 | 348 | 349 | 350 | 351 | 352 | 353 | 354 | 355 | 356 | 357 | 358 | 359 | 360 | 361 | 362 | 363 | 364 | 365 | 366 | 367 | 368 | 369 | 370 | 371 | 372 | 373 | 374 | 375 | 376 | 377 | 378 | 379 | 380 | 381 | 382 | 383 | 384 | 385 | 386 | 387 | 388 | 389 | 390 | 391 | 392 | 393 | 394 | 395 | 396 | 397 | 398 | 399 | 400 | 401 | 402 | 403 | 404 | 405 | 406 | 407 | 408 | 409 | 410 | 411 | 412 | 413 | 414 | 415 | 416 | 417 | 418 | 419 | 420 | 421 | 422 | 423 | 424 | 425 | 426 | 427 | 428 | 429 | 430 | 431 | 432 | 433 | 434 | 435 | 436 | 437 | 438 | 439 | 440 | 441 | 442 | 443 | 444 | 445 | 446 | 447 | 448 | 449 | 450 | 451 | 452 | 453 | 454 | 455 | 456 | 457 | 458 | 459 | 460 | 461 | 462 | 463 | 464 | 465 | 466 | 467 | 468 | 469 | 470 | 471 | 472 | 473 | 474 | 475 | 476 | 477 | 478 | 479 | 480 | 481 | 482 | 483 | 484 | 485 | 486 | 487 | 488 | 489 | 490 | 491 | 492 | 493 | 494 | 495 | 496 | 497 | 498 | 499 | 500 | 501 | 502 | 503 | 504 | 505 | 506 | 507 | 508 | 509 | 510 | 511 | 512 | 513 | 514 | 515 | 516 | 517 | 518 | 519 | 520 | 521 | 522 | 523 | 524 | 525 | 526 | 527 | 528 | 529 | 530 | 531 | 532 | 533 | 534 | 535 | 536 | 537 | 538 | 539 | 540 | 541 | 542 | 543 | 544 | 545 | 546 | 547 | 548 | 549 | 550 | 551 | 552 | 553 | 554 | 555 | 556 | 557 | 558 | 559 | 560 | 561 | 562 | 563 | 564 | 565 | 566 | 567 | 568 | 569 | 570 | 571 | 572 | 573 | 574 | 575 | 576 | 577 | 578 | 579 | 580 | 581 | 582 | 583 | 584 | 585 | 586 | 587 | 588 | 589 | 590 | 591 | 592 | 593 | 594 | 595 | 596 | 597 | 598 | 599 | 600 | 601 | 602 | 603 | 604 | 605 | 606 | 607 | 608 | 609 | 610 | 611 | 612 | 613 | 614 | 615 | 616 | 617 | 618 | 619 | 620 | 621 | 622 | 623 | 624 | 625 | 626 | 627 | 628 | 629 | 630 | 631 | 632 | 633 | 634 | 635 | 636 | 637 | 638 | 639 | 640 | 641 | 642 | 643 | 644 | 645 | 646 | 647 | 648 | 649 | 650 | 651 | 652 | 653 | 654 | 655 | 656 | 657 | 658 | 659 | 660 | 661 | 662 | 663 | 664 | 665 | 666 | 667 | 668 | 669 | 670 | 671 | 672 | 673 | 674 | 675 | 676 | 677 | 678 | 679 | 680 | 681 | 682 | 683 | 684 | 685 | 686 | 687 | 688 | 689 | 690 | 691 | 692 | 693 | 694 | 695 | 696 | 697 | 698 | 699 | 700 | 701 | 702 | 703 | 704 | 705 | 706 | 707 | 708 | 709 | 710 | 711 | 712 | 713 | 714 | 715 | 716 | 717 | 718 | 719 | 720 | 721 | 722 | 723 | 724 | 725 | 726 | 727 | 728 | 729 | 730 | 731 | 732 | 733 | 734 | 735 | 736 | 737 | 738 | 739 | 740 | 741 | 742 | 743 | 744 | 745 | 746 | 747 | 748 | 749 | 750 | 751 | 752 | 753 | 754 | 755 | 756 | 757 | 758 | 759 | 760 | 761 | 762 | 763 | 764 | 765 | 766 | 767 | 768 | 769 | 770 | 771 | 772 | 773 | 774 | 775 | 776 | 777 | 778 | 779 | 780 | 781 | 782 | 783 | 784 | 785 | 786 | 787 | 788 | 789 | 790 | 791 | 792 | 793 | 794 | 795 | 796 | 797 | 798 | 799 | 800 | 801 | 802 | 803 | 804 | 805 | 806 | 807 | 808 | 809 | 810 | 811 | 812 | 813 | 814 | 815 | 816 | 817 | 818 | 819 | 820 | 821 | 822 | 823 | 824 | 825 | 826 | 827 | 828 | 829 | 830 | 831 | 832 | 833 | 834 | 835 | 836 | 837 | 838 | 839 | 840 | 841 | 842 | 843 | 844 | 845 | 846 | 847 | 848 | 849 | 850 | 851 | 852 | 853 | 854 | 855 | 856 | 857 | 858 | 859 | 860 | 861 | 862 | 863 | 864 | 865 | 866 | 867 | 868 | 869 | 870 | 871 | 872 | 873 | 874 | 875 | 876 | 877 | 878 | 879 | 880 | 881 | 882 | 883 | 884 | 885 | 886 | 887 | 888 | 889 | 890 | 891 | 892 | 893 | 894 | 895 | 896 | 897 | 898 | 899 | 900 | 901 | 902 | 903 | 904 | 905 | 906 | 907 | 908 | 909 | 910 | 911 | 912 | 913 | 914 | 915 | 916 | 917 | 918 | 919 | 920 | 921 | 922 | 923 | 924 | 925 | 926 | 927 | 928 | 929 | 930 | 931 | 932 | 933 | 934 | 935 | 936 | 937 | 938 | 939 | 940 | 941 | 942 | 943 | 944 | 945 | 946 | 947 | 948 | 949 | 950 | 951 | 952 | 953 | 954 | 955 | 956 | 957 | 958 | 959 | 960 | 961 | 962 | 963 | 964 | 965 | 966 | 967 | 968 | 969 | 970 | 971 | 972 | 973 | 974 | 975 | 976 | 977 | 978 | 979 | 980 | 981 | 982 | 983 | 984 | 985 | 986 | 987 | 988 | 989 | 990 | 991 | 992 | 993 | 994 | 995 | 996 | 997 | 998 | 999 | 1000 | 1001 | 1002 | 1003 | 1004 | 1005 | 1006 | 1007 | 1008 | 1009 | 1010 | 1011 | 1012 | 1013 | 1014 | 1015 | 1016 | 1017 | 1018 | 1019 | 1020 | 1021 | 1022 | 1023 | 1024 | 1025 | 1026 | 1027 | 1028 | 1029 | 1030 | 1031 | 1032 | 1033 | 1034 | 1035 | 1036 | 1037 | 1038 | 1039 | 1040 | 1041 | 1042 | 1043 | 1044 | 1045 | 1046 | 1047 | 1048 | 1049 | 1050 | 1051 | 1052 | 1053 | 1054 | 1055 | 1056 | 1057 | 1058 | 1059 | 1060 | 1061 | 1062 | 1063 | 1064 | 1065 | 1066 | 1067 | 1068 | 1069 | 1070 | 1071 | 1072 | 1073 | 1074 | 1075 | 1076 | 1077 | 1078 | 1079 | 1080 | 1081 | 1082 | 1083 | 1084 | 1085 | 1086 | 1087 | 1088 | 1089 | 1090 | 1091 | 1092 | 1093 | 1094 | 1095 | 1096 | 1097 | 1098 | 1099 | 1100 | 1101 | 1102 | 1103 | 1104 | 1105 | 1106 | 1107 | 1108 | 1109 | 1110 | 1111 | 1112 | 1113 | 1114 | 1115 | 1116 | 1117 | 1118 | 1119 | 1120 | 1121 | 1122 | 1123 | 1124 | 1125 | 1126 | 1127 | 1128 | 1129 | 1130 | 1131 | 1132 | 1133 | 1134 | 1135 | 1136 | 1137 | 1138 | 1139 | 1140 | 1141 | 1142 | 1143 | 1144 | 1145 | 1146 | 1147 | 1148 | 1149 | 1150 | 1151 | 1152 | 1153 | 1154 | 1155 | 1156 | 1157 | 1158 | 1159 | 1160 | 1161 | 1162 | 1163 | 1164 | 1165 | 1166 | 1167 | 1168 | 1169 | 1170 | 1171 | 1172 | 1173 | 1174 | 1175 | 1176 | 1177 | 1178 | 1179 | 1180 | 1181 | 1182 | 1183 | 1184 | 1185 | 1186 | 1187 | 1188 | 1189 | 1190 | 1191 | 1192 | 1193 | 1194 | 1195 | 1196 | 1197 | 1198 | 1199 | 1200 | 1201 | 1202 | 1203 | 1204 | 1205 | 1206 | 1207 | 1208 | 1209 | 1210 | 1211 | 1212 | 1213 | 1214 | 1215 | 1216 | 1217 | 1218 | 1219 | 1220 | 1221 | 1222 | 1223 | 1224 | 1225 | 1226 | 1227 | 1228 | 1229 | 1230 | 1231 | 1232 | 1233 | 1234 | 1235 | 1236 | 1237 | 1238 | 1239 | 1240 | 1241 | 1242 | 1243 | 1244 | 1245 | 1246 | 1247 | 1248 | 1249 | 1250 | 1251 | 1252 | 1253 | 1254 | 1255 | 1256 | 1257 | 1258 | 1259 | 1260 | 1261 | 1262 | 1263 | 1264 | 1265 | 1266 | 1267 | 1268 | 1269 | 1270 | 1271 | 1272 | 1273 | 1274 | 1275 | 1276 | 1277 | 1278 | 1279 | 1280 | 1281 | 1282 | 1283 | 1284 | 1285 | 1286 | 1287 | 1288 | 1289 | 1290 | 1291 | 1292 | 1293 | 1294 | 1295 | 1296 | 1297 | 1298 | 1299 | 1300 | 1301 | 1302 | 1303 | 1304 | 1305 | 1306 | 1307 | 1308 | 1309 | 1310 | 1311 | 1312 | 1313 | 1314 | 1315 | 1316 | 1317 | 1318 | 1319 | 1320 | 1321 | 1322 | 1323 | 1324 | 1325 | 1326 | 1327 | 1328 | 1329 | 1330 | 1331 | 1332 | 1333 | 1334 | 1335 | 1336 | 1337 | 1338 | 1339 | 1340 | 1341 | 1342 | 1343 | 1344 | 1345 | 1346 | 1347 | 1348 | 1349 | 1350 | 1351 | 1352 | 1353 | 1354 | 1355 | 1356 | 1357 | 1358 | 1359 | 1360 | 1361 | 1362 | 1363 | 1364 | 1365 | 1366 | 1367 | 1368 | 1369 | 1370 | 1371 | 1372 | 1373 | 1374 | 1375 | 1376 | 1377 | 1378 | 1379 | 1380 | 1381 | 1382 | 1383 | 1384 | 1385 | 1386 | 1387 | 1388 | 1389 | 1390 | 1391 | 1392 | 1393 | 1394 | 1395 | 1396 | 1397 | 1398 | 1399 | 1400 | 1401 | 1402 | 1403 | 1404 | 1405 | 1406 | 1407 | 1408 | 1409 | 1410 | 1411 | 1412 | 1413 | 1414 | 1415 | 1416 | 1417 | 1418 | 1419 | 1420 | 1421 | 1422 | 1423 | 1424 | 1425 | 1426 | 1427 | 1428 | 1429 | 1430 | 1431 | 1432 | 1433 | 1434 | 1435 | 1436 | 1437 | 1438 | 1439 | 1440 | 1441 | 1442 | 1443 | 1444 | 1445 | 1446 | 1447 | 1448 | 1449 | 1450 | 1451 | 1452 | 1453 | 1454 | 1455 | 1456 | 1457 | 1458 | 1459 | 1460 | 1461 | 1462 | 1463 | 1464 | 1465 | 1466 | 1467 | 1468 | 1469 | 1470 | 1471 | 1472 | 1473 | 1474 | 1475 | 1476 | 1477 | 1478 | 1479 | 1480 | 1481 | 1482 | 1483 | 1484 | 1485 | 1486 | 1487 | 1488 | 1489 | 1490 | 1491 | 1492 | 1493 | 1494 | 1495 | 1496 | 1497 | 1498</ |
|------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|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National Association of the Deaf

ARTHUR L. ROBERTS, *President*, 358 E. 59th St., Chicago, Ill.

O. W. UNDERHILL, *First Vice-President*
School for the Deaf, St. Augustine, Fla.

MRS. C. L. JACKSON, *Second Vice-President*
17 Lucile Ave., Atlanta, Ga.

F. A. MOORE, *Secretary and Treasurer*
School for the Deaf, Trenton, N. J.



THOMAS F. FOX, *Board Member*
99 Ft. Washington Ave., N. Y. City.

J. W. HOWSON, *Board Member*
California School for the Deaf, Berkeley, Cal.

EDW. S. FOLTZ, *Board Member*
School for the Deaf, Olatie, Kansas.

Organized 1800. Incorporated 1900. An organization for the Welfare of all the Deaf

LIFE MEMBERSHIP CAMPAIGN

Dear Member:—After an existence of forty-five years during which time its officers have ungrudgingly given of their time and services in behalf of the Deaf, the National Association is making its first concrete effort to increase its LIFE MEMBERSHIP.

It is not necessary to relate the record of this organization. It has had but one purpose—to work for and to protect the rights of the Deaf. In this purpose it has succeeded fairly well but not to that extent to which it would like to attain. This is because of insufficient funds with which to procure the services of paid officers who can devote their entire time to the work.

In order to hasten the Association on to the realization of its ambitions, you are urged to become a life-member. Your fee will go into the Endowment Fund which is now over \$8000, and which has a potential income of about \$500. As soon as this income is sufficiently large permanent officers will be engaged.

The Association meets in convention in Washington, D. C., in the summer of 1926, and we are attempting to push the Fund over the \$10,000 mark before then. The fee is only \$10.00. This is not much considering the great good it will do in behalf of the Deaf. We know you agree with us in this, so, instead of sending us your annual dues, will you not become a life-member, and get your friends to do likewise?

Yours in behalf of the Association,

FRED A. MOORE,

Secretary-Treasurer, N. A. D.,
School for the Deaf, Trenton, N. J.

PAYMENT OF DUES

Dues become payable on June 1. Notifications have been sent out to every member on our files, but of course there are many who have changed addresses without informing the Secretary and so have failed to receive any notification.

Will such members please send in dues and change of addresses to the Secretary-Treasurer? This will be doing the Association a great favor.

Dues should be sent to FREDERICK A. MOORE, School for the Deaf, Trenton, N. J.

UNVEILING OF THE GALLAUDET MONUMENT AT HARTFORD

Dr. Fox, Professor Drake, and Mr. O'Rourke, the committee of the association in charge of the erection of the Gallaudet monument replica at Hartford, have advised the president that the work will be completed by Labor Day of the present year.

The New England deaf, who wish to attend the unveiling exercises, and Mr. Michael Lapedes, president of the Hartford School Alumni Association, are in favor of holding the exercises on Labor Day to enable many to attend who otherwise could not come.

Therefore, as president of the National Association of the Deaf, I hereby designate Labor Day, Monday, September 7th, 1925, as the date on which the Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet monument will be unveiled on the grounds of the American School for the Deaf, Hartford, Connecticut.

I have appointed Mr. Michael Lapedes, president of the Hartford School Alumni, to head a committee of representative New England deaf, which committee will have charge of all local arrangements for the unveiling at Hartford.

The other members of this committee will be announced in due time.

ARTHUR L. ROBERTS,
President.

Chicago, May 14, 1925.



ODIE W. UNDERHILL

First vice-president of the present Administration of the N. A. D. He is supervising teacher of the Manual Department and faculty director of athletics of the Florida School for the Deaf. He is also associate editor of the *Florida School Herald*.

The LONG HORNS

"The eyes of Texas are upon you."

By Troy E. Hill



RECENT issue of the *Dallas Morning News*, contains a statement that pretty nearly ran me red-headed. One part of the article which I objected to very strongly, was where it stated "this is said to be the first service of the kind ever held in a Dallas Church." What I resent is the influence that Dallas has never had religious services for the Deaf people, when, in truth and fact, we have had classes at both the 1st Baptist Church and the 1st Presbyterian churches for the



THE DALLAS SILENTS BASKETBALL PLAYERS IN CIVIES

past twenty-five, and ten years. Further along Mr. Baker, the man who is to give the services states that out of 100,000 deaf people said to be in the United States, at least 75,000 are without pastoral care. This stigma is a flagrant falsehood in so far as there is a church or a class for deaf people in practically every city of any size in the country. But again the *Daily Press* gave us a dirty dig and refused to help remove the stigma thereof when the writer wrote a reply to the article giving facts. The article to which I refer is given below for your comment:

DALLAS MAY GET MISSION FOR DEAF

A special service for deaf-mute, said to be the first service of the kind ever held in a Dallas church, will be held at the Trinity English Lutheran Church, Forest avenue and Meadow street, at 3:30 o'clock Sunday afternoon with the Rev. H. C. Baker of Kansas City in the pulpit. All deaf and dumb people in Dallas are invited to the service, said the Rev. W. F. Klindworth, pastor of the church.

Mr. Baker is traveling all over Texas speaking in the interest of establishing missions for deaf mutes where needed.

"This will be the first effort of the Lutheran Church to establish deaf mute missions in Texas," Mr. Klindworth said. "There are said to be about 100,000 deaf mutes in the United States and of that number 75,000 are at present without pastoral care. The Lutheran Church of the Missouri Synod has sixteen hearing ministers devoting their entire time to missionary work among the deaf, serving twelve organized congregations and 110 preaching stations in the United States and Canada."

The Radio. What, if any, are the possibilities of the Radio? Such a question propounded to a hearing person would, of course, need no answer, for the possibilities are unlimited, but what about the deaf people? Is there any hope that the not too distant future may see the invention of a Radio by means of which deaf people in one part of the country may

converse with those in the other parts? Bosh! Bunk! Idiot! Impossible Do I see my deaf friends giving these exclamations, or is it the slang sign, one fist closed with the thumb of the other hand jabbed down into the closed fist? ? ? Rave on those who do not believe in the possibilities, but for me I am willing to believe anything. Ten years ago anybody who so much as mentioned the idea that someday people would be listening to others talk thousands of miles away without the aid of wires would have been considered a fit subject for the Insane Asylum. They called Franklin a Fool. Fulton was just a poor dumb dub. But today they are idols of history. It is my belief that within the next decade there will be perfected a radio machine, with the aid of which a person may be able to see the performer who is singing, playing or lecturing over his favorite station. With such a device on the market, why shouldn't the deaf utilize it?

Right now they send pictures by radio, from Europe to America, so why shouldn't we deaf people within the next decade be able to use the radio for long distance talks. Imagine being able to have Bro. Pach, or Bro. Gibson of the Frat give a lecture to the pupils of the Texas School for the Deaf



THE DALLAS SILENTS BASKETBALL TEAM

Left to right—John Stampley, (c) forward; Doyle Kerr, forward; George Durham, forward; John Sheppard, forward; Earnest Barnes, guard; Raymond Payne, guard; Troy E. Hill, center. The little Runt in civies is "Judge" C. L. Talbot, our official scorer and Yes-Man

at Austin, while the lecturer was comfortably sitting in his home or office in Chicago, or New York. Let's hope this comes while we may be alive to witness the great feat. Boy, what a joy to be able to tune in on Station FRAT and tell Kemp the office boy to go jump in Lake Michigan, and then tune off before he can frame a relpy.

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The Dallas Silents, is the name under which the Basketball team of the Dallas Silent Athletic Club, has competed in the Major City League in Dallas, Texas, the past two years. Organized two years ago with only two players who had really ever had any school training as basketball players, and playing through their first season by ending in last place in both the City League and the Sunday School League, the Silents have rapidly come forward to where they are now one of the most feared teams in the city. Not that they are champions,

but it has been broadcasted over the City, that a team that plays the Silents must need extend itself to the limit.

Probably the greatest feat performed by the Silents throughout the past season was their game with the Dallas Power & Light team, City Champions this year. The Powermen are players of college experience, the pick of the players in North Texas, and in the games they played they scored at least 50 points or more in every game except the first time they played the Silents. Several of the Powermen's games were won by 70 to 0 scores, and we feel justly proud of the fact that we held them to a 13 to 6 score in our first game. Another thing we are proud of is that during the second half of this game they failed to register a single point.

Another feat of which we feel justified in boasting, is that in the two years of our existence we have brought the Texas School for the Deaf and the Oklahoma School for the Deaf



Harold Dunham, crack forward on the Texas School for the Deaf Basketball team; Dunham, a veteran of the team won the Athletic Club medal as the most valuable player during the 1922-23 season, and has proved a great goal shooter in all the seasons of his play. It was due to a great deal of his accurate goal to sing that the Texas School for the Deaf won the Academic Championship of Texas for the 1924-25 season.

Basketball teams to Dallas, both of which schools are over 175 miles from Dallas. Last year Texas defeated us 29 to 20, and this year Oklahoma beat us 20 to 17 in very exciting games in which we held the lead up until the last few minutes of play, when three long distance shots sewed up the game for the Oklahoma boys.

At the close of the City League season the deaf team was in second place and would have won undisputed possession there-to had the schedule been played through, but the other teams dropped by the wayside with three games to play, so we have to be content with our claim to second place tied by the American Exchange Bank.

An effort was made to play Little Rock, Arkansas Silents this year.

Results of games played by the team is listed below:

| | | | |
|----------------|---------|----------------------|---------|
| Dallas Silents |22 | Summitt Play Park |10 |
| " |6 | Dallas Power & Light |13 |

| | | | |
|---|---------|-------------------------|---------|
| " |5 | Post Office |18 |
| " |11 | American Exchange Bank |12 |
| " |10 | Summitt Park |5 |
| " |5 | Dallas Power & Light |55 |
| " |15 | Thrifty Packing Co |14 |
| " |11 | American Exchange Bank |8 |
| " |2 | Thrifty Packing Co |0 |
| " |4 | Summitt Park |3 |
| " |2 | Dallas Power & Light Co |0 |
| " |2 | Post Office |0 |
| " |2 | Post Office |0 |
| " |2 | American Exchange Bank |0 |
| " |2 | Thrifty Packing Co |0 |
| " |15 | Highland Park H. S. |54 |
| " |14 | Dallas Academy |42 |
| " |8 | Dallas University |50 |
| " |17 | West Dallas High School |6 |
| " |13 | Ft. Worth Power Co. |27 |
| " |14 | F. H. H. Club |34 |
| " |17 | Okla. School for Deaf |20 |
| " |19 | Waco Silents |17 |

The personal of the team this year is as follows: Captain and forward, John Stampley; Doyle Kerr, John Sheppard George Durham, forwards; Ernest Barnes, Raymond Payne, and William Burns, guards; Troy Hill, center.

THE GRAND OLD MAN OF TEXAS

Joshua James Davis, aged seventy-nine years young, whose likeness the SILENT WORKER readers see in this article, no doubt smiles up his sleeves occasionally, as he listens to the youngsters of the present age prate about their abilities, their experiences in the world, their romances, their troubles, etc. Were he of the prating kind, Dad Davis could tell some mighty interesting tales, and tales that would cause the present day adventurist among the deaf to go hide for pure shame.

A true southerner of the old South, Joshua James Davis first saw the light of day on July 12th, 1846, at Clinton, Georgia, where his parents, who were well to do plantation owners at that time resided.

What little book learning "Dad" ever received was at the Georgia School for the Deaf located at Cave Springs, Georgia, where he attended school a scant four years. Yet while not possessing a higher education in the sense of some of these young sports of today who classify the people they meet into two groups, the educated and the uneducated, according to their own ideas. "Dad" possesses a greater store of sound, common sense than a good many of the self-styled educated sports, who after completing the required courses at the schools classify themselves as the Great and Only Its on the universe. "Dad" can talk intelligently upon any known subject, and his vast store of knowledge would surprise some of our college graduates.

It was while attending the School for the Deaf, at Cave Springs, Georgia, that "Dad" met and wooed his beautiful wife, who was then Miss Nannie Morriss. "Dad's" good wife was born in North Carolina, but completed her education in Georgia, where she met and was captivated by the handsome Joshua. Joshua and Nannie were married May 13th, 1868, and from that time until her death October 10th, 1915, this splendid couple were constant companions, never having the petty differences which crop up so often in the present day married life. Theirs was indeed a true romance, and their long and useful married life an example to the present generation.

The fruits of this union were seven splendid children, four of whom were born deaf, and two of the others becoming hard of hearing in later years. Of the children of Joshua and Nan-

nie Davis, two are well known to the majority of the deaf people of the United States, these two W. H. Davis and Robert L. Davis, are both teachers in the Texas School for the Deaf, and are ranked highly both as to their mental capabilities and their everyday common sense. W. H. Davis, the eldest of the children of Joshua and Nannie Davis, is in my opinion one of the smartest deaf men in the United States today. All of the Davis children and grand children are above the average as far as their mental abilities are concerned. Robert L., the baby of the family, entered Gallaudet College at the age of 16 years and Grace, the daughter of W. H. Davis, will graduate from the Texas School for the Deaf at the age of 15 years, but will not be allowed to go to college for another year or so, as her all-knowing father does not desire to have her known as a child prodigy.

The children of Joshua and Nannie Davis are all healthy and prospering, all except one owning their own cars, and everyone of them owning their own homes.

To get back to "Dad," during the Civil War, "Dad" Davis, was in constant peril, as he was open to suspicion by all the Union soldiers, and at one time was caught by the Union soldiers, who did not believe that he was deaf, and would have dealt badly with him but for the interference of a young Northern Lieutenant, who had a deaf brother in Illinois who knew sufficient of the sign language to converse with "Dad." It is one of "Dad's" greatest delights to recount this experience and tell of the long talks he had with his northern friend. The war between the states caused much misery in the Davis family, and Joshua who had heretofore been a son of a well-to-do family, at the termination of the war, became just another one of the "Pore white trash," as the

ex-slaves were wont to call them. "Dad's" father lost 75 bales of cotton, when cotton was selling for 50 cents a pound, which in these days was considerable money.

Joshua James Davis moved his family to Texas in the year 1896, where he has continuously resided since. Since coming to Texas "Dad" has owned three different farms, and has prospered and been happy. Being of industrious habits and too active to sit around the house doing nothing, "Dad" simply has to be doing something all the time. While visiting his daughter, Mrs. W. A. Barnes, in Dallas, he took daily walks to and from town, a distance of five miles each way.

One seeing him on his daily constitutional hikes would never guess that he lacks only a year being four score years old. Last summer, while spending a month or so with his son, J. Batt Davis, in Waco, "Dad," to show that he still is as strong as many of the young 'uns, went out and picked three bales of cotton by his lonesome.

Although having spent a life of usefulness, and having been through many exciting adventures, "Dad" probably never will have an adventure which gave him the thrill or the scare as the one he had at Bishop, Texas, some ten years ago. It seems that "Dad" and Waymand Brinkley, a deaf boy who was working for him on the farm, were out in the fields chopping cotton or corn one day, when an ornery rattlesnake disputed the right of way with "Dad." Now, to most human beings, the mere presence of a rattlesnake in the neighborhood would have been sufficient excuse for abdicating, but "Dad" don't know the meaning of the word quit, so he disputed the rattler's right of way, and the result was one dead rattlesnake and one mighty near dead "Dad," his escape being due to the quick action of Brinkley in sucking the poison from the wound, and to "Dad's" iron constitution. "Dad" lived to laugh last at the rattler, but readily states that he does not care to repeat the experience.

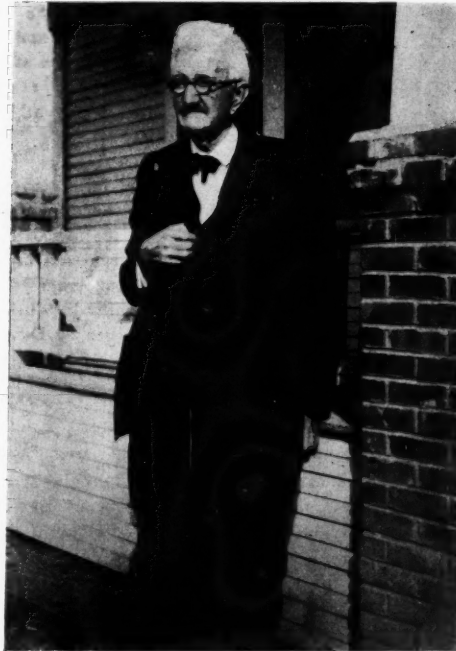
Although you do not find Joshua J. Davis listed in the SILENT WORKER's Who's Who, he ranks in the front among the deaf of today, and had he the advantages of higher education that many of the northern deaf had in those days, he would be a shining light on the deaf horizon and would without doubt rank up with Hodgson, Cloud and the others of the well known deaf of about his age.

Although he will be 80 years old in July, "Dad," hasn't showed the least sign of slowing up,

and will probably be living and joking with the next generation, after a good many of us young roosters who have dissipated our lives are dead and gone. His advice to those who desire to live long and useful lives, is to refrain from all bad habits, go to bed early, get up early, and work hard, which is good advise.

MAY THIS GRAND OLD MAN OF TEXAS LIVE MANY LONG AND USEFUL YEARS.

A business, like the plants in the field, begins to go to seed as soon as it stops growing.



"The Daddy of 'em all." Mr. J. J. Davis, of Texas, the father of Prof. W. H. Davis; Prof. R. L. Davis, father-in-law of Prof. R. M. Rives; Grandfather of prof. Inez Wood, all connected with the Texas School for the Deaf, and father of J. Batt Davis, of Waco, champion hog grower of Texas; Tom Davis, of Ft. Worth, Texas, and Mrs. Wm A. Barnes, of Dallas Texas.



Gallaudet College

By MARGARET E. JACKSON



THE ANNUAL Co-ed interclass indoor meet, which was held in the girls' gymnasium on Friday afternoon, April 3rd, marked the close of the gymnasium season. The fact that this event is the most outstanding one in the history of the Co-eds' College sportmanship, should be noted. At this meet, the Class of 1925, which is composed of only seven girls, won their fifth straight victory. The Senior Girls, starting in the Preparatory Year with a squad of twenty, had hitherto held their title to the class championship cup for four successive years. Weinona Edwards and Emma Sandberg deserve to be accredited with so brilliant a record made by the Seniors, the former scoring forty-one points and the latter thirty-nine and a third point.

With the Senior Class leading the events by eighty-one and a third point, the Sophomore Class won the second place by fifty-eight points, and the third place went toward the Freshman Class, entitled to seventeen points. Dr. Hall, Mr. Hughes and Miss Nelson acted as judges. The following is the list of events in their order and winners of each event:

EVENTS

Wands—Sandberg, first; Ozbun, second; Newton, third.
 Swedish—Sandberg, first; Ozbun, second; Edwards, third.
 Indian Clubs—Sandberg, 1st; Ozbun, 2nd; Dobson, 3d.
 Dumb-bells—Sandberg, 1st; Caldwell, 2nd; Clark, 3rd.
 Parallel Bars—Edwards, 1st; Caldwell, 2nd; Ozbun, 3d.
 Parallel Bars (side)—Edwards, 1st; Sandberg, 2nd; Clark, 3d.
 High Boom—Edwards, 1st; Ozbun, 2nd; Sandberg, 3rd.
 Window Ladder—Edwards, 1st; Sandberg, 2nd; Caldwell, 3d.
 Horse (side)—Edwards, 1st; Sandberg, 2nd; McVan, 3rd.
 Horse (center)—Edwards, 1st; Sandberg, 2nd; McVan, 3rd.
 High Ladder (no turn) Edwards, 1st; Ozbun, 2nd; McVan, 3d.
 High Ladder (turn) Edwards, 1st; McVan, 2nd; Sandberg, 3d.
 Ropes—Sandberg, 1st; Wilhelm, 2nd; Ozbun, 3rd.
 Jumping for height—Newton, 1st; Leszczynski, 2nd.
 Relay Race—Sophomore Class.

Saturday evening, April 4th, the Gallaudet College Women's Athletic Association celebrated their ninth annual banquet in the co-eds' refectory. The dining-room was appropriately decorated with class pennants, trophies and gymnastic apparatus. Against the vivid green background of palms and ferns were about fifty girls arrayed in their evening gowns of brilliant colors in contrast with the black attire of several men guests. The menu was beautifully appointed, and was as follows:

| | |
|-----------------------|---------------------|
| Cream of Tomato Soup | Saltines |
| Radishes | Olives |
| | Celery |
| Chicken a la Maryland | |
| Potato Fluff | Brown Gravy |
| | Green Peas |
| | Parker House Rolls |
| | Jellied Fruit Salad |
| Nut Ice Cream | Assorted Cakes |
| Salted Nuts | Mints |
| | Demi Tasse |

TOASTMASTER: Emma Sandberg, '25

Success Miss Cornelia Rauch
 The Value of Athletics Mary Dobson, '25
 The Good Sport Esther Forsman, '27

President Hall awarded indoor meet badges to the winners of each event, and also small G's to the winners of the highest number of individual points: Weinona Edwards, '25, 41 points; Emma Sandberg, '25, 39 1/3 points, and Edythe Ozbun, '27, 17 points. Coach Hughes presented Captain Kannapell, '27; Dobson, '25; Sandberg, '25; Newton, '25; Ozbun, '27, and Clark, '28, with basket-ball letters. Manager Jackson, '25, received an honorary letter G. Bowser, Nelson, and Wheeler, all of the Preparatory Class, received honorable mention.

Sunday afternoon, the fifth, Professor Drake took charge of the chapel services, and took as his subject, Henry Drummond's "The Supreme Good." The attention of the students was aroused by the speaker's vivid clearness in sign language, and the talk was greatly appreciated by those who attended the sermon.

No holiday was observed during the Easter week-end. However, Easter Sunday afternoon, out of reverent feeling for the occasion, the members of the Preparatory Class held their Sunday School concert in the chapel, and make a success of it. To open the program Julia Jondle rendered a prayer. Lera Roberts declaimed "Christ is Risen." A text on "Easter," which was given by David Peikoff, was followed by a hymn, "Resurgam," by Thomas Peterson. Dr. Ely closed the concert with prayer.

Dr. Ely, on the evening of the eighth, awarded letters G to the basket-ball players of the last season. Those who received letters were Captain Bradley, '26; Wallace, '26; Scarvie, '27; Massinkoff, '28; Miller, '28 and Riddle, '28. Byouk, and Holdren and Wondrack of the Preparatory Class, received honorable mention. An honorary G was also given to Manager Knauss, '26.

Saturday evening, the eleventh, a literary meeting of the O. W. L. S. was held in the Girls' Reading Room. Professor Hughes introduced his reading from Anatole France's "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife." He deserves to be highly praised for his masterful deliverance of the story in versatile sign language. Several of the Senior girls, by the way, had been invited to attend a play of the same title during their first year here by the exclusive Colonial School girls, but unfortunately they could not, due to the lack of an interpreter, pick up the whole thread of the story. Indeed, the members were favored with good fortune when Mr. Hughes appeared to deliver the reading.

After the reading, a character contest took place with Janie Curry, '26, disguised as Peter Pan; Mabel Armstrong, '28, as the Woman of 1901, and Della Kittleson, P.C., as a scarecrow. The scarecrow won the approval of the judges. Next came a short play, "Fate," in which Marie Parker, '28, as the Girl; Edythe Ozbun, '27, as the Burglar; Alice McVan, '28, as the Detective; Mary Kannapell, '27, as the Boy, participated. Ethel Newman, '26, and Oleta Brothers, '27, took part in a dialogue, "June 10, 1925." Gladys Hansen, '28, rendered Rudyard Kipling's "My Rival." Margaret Jackson, '25, acted as critic.

The Spring vacation, to which every one had looked forward with eagerness, at last came during the week of April 15-20th. The much needed change of scenery was welcome to every one, so the boys spent these days at their dear old camp Gallaudet at Great Falls, while the Co-eds chose Kamp Kah-

lert, which is under the management of the Y. W. C. A., near Galloway, Md., as their ideal sojourn. It is reported that the weatherman played hide and seek with the puzzled Gallaudetites at the Falls. As for the Co-eds' camp, everything was ideal, just as it should be, with the exception that it rained cats and dogs one afternoon. The launching parties, rowing, hiking, reading, eating and sleeping were the popular pastimes. The savory dishes prepared by the Co-eds' hired colored chef were so tempting that afterwards most of the girls tipped five more pounds of flesh to the scale! And every one came back, alive and refreshed, not to mention a thick coat of sunburn and additional freckles.

Tuesday, the twenty-first found the reluctant students back at their books, much abused in the course of five days.

Friday evening, the twenty-fourth, the first literary meeting of the Gallaudet College Literary Society for the third term was held in the chapel. Professor Guire, '21, rendered a reading on "The Channing Way Derby." This extremely interesting subject dealt with incidents the speaker had witnessed at the University of California where he had attended for two years to obtain his M.S. degrees. A dialogue, "Camp Gallaudet," by George Brookins, '26, and John Young, '26, received rounds of applause. Albert Rose, '27, declaimed "The Owl and the Pussy Cat" in an entertaining manner. James Beauchamp, '25, acted as critic. The meeting over, a social took place. Under the auspices of the Saturday Night Dramatic Club, refreshments were served.

Miss Peet, professor of English and French, was hostess to the members of the Junior Class at a card party, which was held in her new abode. Miss Peet, by the way, has moved from Kendall Green to reside in the Methodist Building which is just in the vicinity of the Congressional Library and the Capitol. It is reported that every one enjoyed the evening thoroughly.

Pause man one moment in thy busy strife
And think how short thy little span of life;
How brief the longest life allotted thee,
But O, how boundless is eternity!
Eternity!—O strange! O fearful word!
Teach me to feel its solemn truth, O Lord;
Teach me how brief the time here given,
To live for thee and to prepare for Heaven.

—Mary Lewis.

FOR SALE

Religious Essays, written for the Deaf. Silent Worker print. Fifteen cents in stamps. Refund if dissatisfied. Rev. O. Schroeder, 2204 Bunts Rd., Cleveland, Ohio.

USEFUL BOOK FOR THE ADULT DEAF

ENGLISH PHRASES AND IDIOMS written by Dr. J. L. Smith, a deaf man and head teacher in the School for the Deaf, Faribault, Minn., and published by the Ohio School. It is in a sense a self educator in language. Price \$1.50. By mail post paid, \$1.60. The book will be sent on receipt of this amount.

Columbus, Ohio.
Address, State School for the Deaf,

Types of Children of Deaf Parents



Evelyn, hearing child of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Long, of Philadelphia, Pa., aged 2 years. The mother was before marriage Edna Snell, a former pupil of the New Jersey School.



David and Mortimer, fourteen months old twin sons of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Glassner, of Newark, N. J.

A Few Facts About The Deaf In China

China's present resources are insufficient to enable her to give educational facilities to her *thousands* of little deaf children.

There are only *seven* schools for the deaf in the whole of China and these are small owing to lack of funds and teachers. Less than two hundred deaf children are in school at the present time.

Since the beginning of the work for the deaf 158 pupils have been taught in the Chefoo School—111 boys and 47 girls.

Graduates of the School for the Deaf in Chefoo are earning from \$10.00 to \$30.00 per month. Five are teaching, and a number of the boys are employed by the Commercial Press Ltd, in Shanghai. Others are at home helping on the farm, or in the shop of a relative.

The Chefoo School appeals to the Christian world to help China educate her little deaf children.

Gifts from the *deaf* and their friends in America and Great Britain have been the means of making the Chefoo School one which is well equipped, and pleasantly housed in a beautiful situation.

The Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in U. S. A., *partially* supports the Chefoo School. The salary of the missionary in charge of the school is paid by the Presbyterian Board.

The management needs \$5,000.00 extra yearly, in order to maintain the present standard of work being done in the Chefoo School. This must be raised by *special* gifts.

A fund is also needed to help the normal training of teachers. Another trained foreign teacher is needed and her salary. There are teachers who would like to come for training and there are missionaries who would be glad to send them but they lack the necessary funds. More scholarships are needed *at once*.

It costs \$60.00 a year to support a pupil. Send money in drafts on New York, or London, or by International Money Orders. *Do not* change into silver.

Gifts may be sent direct to the School by cheque made out to maintain the present standard of work being done in the of the Presbyterian Board, in New York City, if sending through the Board ask for a "Yellow order" to send to us.

LETTER BY A CHINESE DEAF-MUTE

Hangchow, China., February 6, 1925

My dear Teacher, Miss Carter:

Having received your favor of January 26th. Ming Gu and I are very glad to wish you a Happy New Year in return. (This refers to the Chinese New Year which began Jan. 24th.)

As requested by you, I am now writing the following regarding the condition of my school.

Owing to the dreadful occurrence of civil war in Chekiang and Kiangsu Provinces, we have had only twenty-one pupils, both boys and girls, the past year. If the next battle field is in Chekiang Province as some have presupposed, I am afraid we shall have fewer pupils this coming term. But two new deaf children have already registered as free pupils. I am sorry to say that many poor deaf children are kept away because of the lack of enough money to give them food to eat, although we do not ask them to pay tuition. We would have more than thirty pupils this term if we received them all.

I know there is the same difficulty in the Chefoo School, but I believe you are far better off than we are because we are

in extreme difficulty. The school is liable to be discontinued and would be closed now if it were not for my strong opposition and great effort. Rev. K. T. Yu who formerly was a strong supporter has rendered a great deal of help in previous years, but he is discouraged by bad circumstances, so the migration of the school to Shanghai is but a vapor. Now that we receive no help from former promoters who, I believe, supported the school for my father's sake, not for mercifulness; we are too incompetent in an economical sense to support and continue the school.

Our teaching staff includes my second brother, Tien Si, who teaches the lip-reading, and my third brother Tien Zen who teaches drawing, Mr. Gao teaches the Bible. My wife and I are in charge of all the other affairs of the school.

I am glad to hear you will visit us sometimes before you leave for furlough. I am afraid the school will become smaller unless through the mighty care of our Lord. I am worrying as no one appears to care for us.

Fortunately, I see new light in the fact that there are many pupils. Among our twenty-one pupils only twelve are able to pay the whole school fees and the rent. Nine pupils are wholly dependent upon contributions for their food. Moreover, the rent of the house has to be paid each month in advance.

The more I write the more I feel great sorrow, so let me close this letter with the prayer—"Oh, Lord, Thou wilt care for us,"

Your very sincere pupil,

TSE TIEN FU.

P. S. A baby, our third, was born last year. A hearing girl now eleven months old. Her face is beautiful and her complexion is fine. Ming Gu and I are very glad to have her. She always cries when she sees other babies with *toys*. May we have the honor of receiving one doll from you. Mail it to us later if you have none now. Thanking you in advance.

MING GU AND TSE TIEN FU.

NOTE:—Ming Gu was also a pupil at the Chefoo School for a few years. She married Tse Tien Fu several years ago.

EXTRACTS FROM SOME OF THE LETTERS DURING THE YEAR 1924

At the School for the Deaf in Chefoo

"Through the National Christian Council I have heard of your school for the deaf. May I ask if you could receive two girls from the same family, born deaf?.....I think their parents could pay something toward their board..... If the children should go would you have any means of sending them from Shanghai, or Nanking to Chefoo?"

From a Missionary in Nanking, Ku.

"Thank you for your letter and the folders about your school. I note what one of them says about the other schools. Almost any one of the other schools would be nearer to us, and easier to get to than the one at Chefoo. We are not very far from Nantungchow. What Christian training is insured at this school?.....The friend who is giving us the money for the child's education is promising only \$25, gold, a year. That would not be nearly enough to cover the expense for the work and the trip to Chefoo."

From Missionary in North Kiangsu

"My relative has two dumb daughters, ten and twelve years of age. Their parents desire to send them to a Christian school where their voices may be regained."

From National Teachers College, Kiangsu

"I have just seen in the Recorder a report for 1923 of the School for the Deaf at Chefoo. I had made inquiries only last month and had been told that no such thing as a school for deaf mutes existed in China. A boy of twelve whom we have just come across was rendered both deaf and dumb by eating Chinese medicine. Write me about your school and also tell me where the other five schools are located."

From Missionary in Hupe

"The head nurse of this hospital has a little boy who has been deaf for over a year. With the loss of hearing the faculty of speech is disappearing as he was only three or four years old when the illness commenced. He is now six and his father is anxious to have him admitted to your school in the hope that when he gets to understand what people are saying his speech will improve."

From a Missionary in Hunan

"I have a deaf boy who is also a cripple as he was run over by a train and lost one of his legs. Please let me know if he could be accepted at your school. Shall also be glad to know what the charges are and what the curriculum is. This boy will become a beggar when he leaves the hospital if nothing is done for him." He is eight years old.

From a Missionary Doctor in Honan

"In answer to your kind inquiry about the two deaf children on your list: Lack of funds prevented their being sent to your school. The girl has now been sold into a non-Christian home. As the father, a Christian, is away from home on business in a distant part of China, and the mother is not a Christian I am afraid the condition of these children is sad-typical of multitudes throughout China."

From a Missionary in Shansi

Note: The letter from Shansi was one month in reaching Chefoo by post.

OBITUARY

REVEREND GEORGE HENRY HEFFLON

After completing arrangements for Baptism of two of his flock in Providence, Rhode Island, late Wednesday evening, April 15, Mr. Hefflon, in crossing a street, somehow, was knocked down by a passing one-man trolley car. He was rushed to the Rhode Island Hospital where all efforts were made by Rev. Dr. Sturges, the Rector of Grace Church, to make him comfortable in a private ward. His condition then was not thought to be serious, but he became worse the following morning and he became unconscious, from fracture of the skull. His sister, Mrs. Luther, of Buffalo, arrived Friday noon and was with him till Saturday the 18th when at 3:45 P.M. he went to one of the "many mansions" his Lord and

Master had prepared for him. We are grateful to know that Bishop Perry gave him a service by his bedside Saturday noon.

The funeral took place Tuesday morning at 10:30 A.M. in Grace Church, Providence. Bishop Perry officiated, assisted by Dr. Sturges, Mr. Kent, of New York, Mr. Sargent, and Mr. Light. His favorite hymn, "O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee, in Lowly Paths of Service Free," was rendered very gracefully in signs by Mrs. Browne and Miss Smith of the Boston choir. "Nearer, My God, to Thee" and "Abide With Me" were very beautifully signed by the providence choir members, Mesdames Morlock and Williams, led by Mr. Enger.

His immediate family and Mr. Light accompanied the body to Deep River, Conn., his native town. Under a spreading chestnut tree on a hill overlooking the river and surrounded by his friends and relatives Bishop Acheson read the Burial Office. There his frame lies with his parents in the "Silent Mission Garden," such he called it, in one of his letters to a childhood friend. *Requiescat in Pace.*

REVEREND GEORGE HENRY HEFFLON was born on July 10, 1865, in Deep River, Conn. He was graduated from Wesleyan Academy, Wilbraham, Mass., in 1886, and from Yale in 1891. He attended Drew Seminary in 1891-92 and was ordained a Congregational minister on May 28, 1896, ministering in different points of Maine for six years. While ministering in Dublin, N. H., from 1901-1906, he attended Andover Theological Seminary from which he got his divinity degree in 1906. He became very deaf about this time. He entered the Episcopal Church and went to Berkeley Divinity School as graduate student in 1906-07, and was ordained deacon September 25, 1907. During the last year in school, the Dean of the school called his attention to an article on Missions to Deaf-Mutes in the "Spirit of Missions." He then forthwith courageously took up the study of dactylology (sign-language) at 40 years of age, acting as Assistant Minister All Souls' Church, Philadelphia, for two years. Then he returned to Connecticut. On the demise of Rev. Mr. Sterling, of Boston, Mr. Hefflon was given charge of the Silent Mission of New England.

We will always revere his eighteen long and hard, faithful and devoted years of labor bringing Christianity to the deaf of New England through the beautiful offices of the Church, his courageous, humble, self-sacrificing and self-denying deeds. He was really a big soul with high ideals, and did his very best in bringing Christ to us.

A letter from Bishop Babcock: "Will you convey to your congregations my deep and sincere sympathy for them in the great loss which they have sustained, and which is a real affliction to the whole Church. Mr. Hefflon was a man of God: We shall treasure his memory and thank our Heavenly Father for his example. He stands with the saints of all ages close to Christ."

An extract from the address by Bishop Lawrence, delivered at the Diocesan Convention, Wednesday, April 29: "I record the name of the Rev. George H. Hefflon, who although of the Diocese of Connecticut, gave a good fraction of his time in this Diocese to services and ministrations among the deaf, he being one himself. In the Parish Rooms of the Cathedral and Trinity Church, Boston, and in other cities and towns, he held services regularly, seeking out the deaf in their homes and boarding-houses, and bringing those lonely folk together for social as well as religious refreshment. I shall miss the rare and quaint personality of Mr. Hefflon, and his letters and leaflets interspersed as they were with Latin quotations, keen humor, and solid piety."

A letter from Miss Sarah Fuller, he being one of her former pupils: "You have been blessed in having the influence and the example of this spiritually-minded man of God!"

J. S. LIGHT in St. Andrew's *Silent Mission Leaflet.*

Editorials *From the Type Metal Magazine*

IT ISN'T the big things that get people. It's the little things.

Some day a great editorial will be written on the significance of little things.

I recall that once when Tom L. Johnson, of Cleveland, was running for Congress, he had an opponent who traveled the district and attempted to harass Johnson with questions. These questions had to do with great national and international policies, they were **big** questions.

Johnson paid no attention to the questions because he did not care to furnish ammunition to the opposition. Meanwhile the newspapers attacked him for his silence.

Finally, Johnson announced that when he reached his opponent's own home town he would ask a question.

A big crowd gathered.

Among his own people, it was well-known that Johnson's opponent, notwithstanding many superior qualities, had never been able to develop the habit of paying his bills, resembling in this respect that great law-giver, Daniel Webster.

"I promised to ask a question at this meeting," said Johnson. The hall became quiet as before a storm.

Johnson squared his shoulders, dramatically.

"To how many people in this room does my opponent owe money?"

Everybody roared, and Johnson was never heckled again during that campaign.

Many a big man has been undone by a failing less serious than failure to pay his grocery bill.

The other day I read this paragraph by Tom Dreier: "We can write and talk as much as we please about business and the making of millions and the building of cities and all things like that; but when it comes to the business of finding contentment and comfort we always come back to the little things, the familiar things, the things right at hand."

Usually it is the little things in life that mean most to a man. It is the neglect of the little things that wear away his nerve-resistance and write failure over his name.

More fortunes have been made and **maintained intact** by making investments at six per cent compound interest than have ever come out of investments promising higher returns.

It has been said that if the little questions are decided properly there will be no big questions.

Businesses that are closely managed seldom have to call special meetings of their boards of directors. If small leaks are plugged up when they first appear there will be no big leaks.

The world is full of men who are ready to run the world on two days' notice. They have schemes for revolutionizing the world's currency system, and reorganizing our present method of distribution. In other words, they would like to set the table for the Banquet of Life.

The trouble with most of these fellows is that they can **only** think on a big scale. In the personal management of their own little affairs they are failures. If a man can't manage an income of \$2,500 a year why should he be allowed to share in the management of a billion dollars?

I have no use for people who boast that they "are no good at details." If a man isn't good at details he isn't good at anything.

A restaurant may be fine in other respects, but it condemns itself in my eyes, if the waiter offers me a dirty menu card. Just a little thing—but the little things make a loud noise.

WHAT railroad building has meant in the improvement of the standard of living of this country is made clear by Guy Morrison Walker in his book "The Measure of Civilization."

He says:

"I want, if possible, to translate the cost of transportation by primitive means into Twentieth Century terms, and see if I can make you understand what transportation and its cost means to civilization. The common Chinese cart with two mules only undertakes to haul a thousand pounds a distance of twenty miles a day at a cost of \$1.25. This is a cost per ton-mile of 12½ cents.

"In China a single man with a pole and baskets will carry eighty pounds about twenty-five miles a day at a cost of ten cents, or rate of 11 cents per ton-mile.

"Two men with a wheelbarrow will move from three hundred and fifty to four hundred pounds a distance of eighteen or twenty miles in a day at a cost of 26 cents, or about 8 cents per ton-mile, and camel trains or pack animals are little cheaper.

"Compare this, if you please, with the freight charges of our great trunk lines, say the Saint Paul, with an average charge of six and one-half mills per ton-mile, or the New York Central and Pennsylvania systems with average charges of only about six mills per ton-mile. The average rate of all our American railroads is less than 1 cent, while on some commodities it is as low as three mills.

"Remember that this Chinese cost of transportation—twelve and one-half times greater than the average rate of all American railroads and twenty times greater than that of some of our great systems—is paid by a people whose wage scale and standard of living is less than one-twentieth of our own. So that the actual proportionate cost—that is cost in proportion to ability to pay—of such transportation to the Chinese people is from two hundred and fifty to three hundred times greater than the cost of transportation is to us."

"Of two equal populations, one of which has better transportation facilities than the other, that population having the better transportation facilities will surpass the other population in commerce and wealth in a degree that bears a definite proportion to its excellence in transportation."

DAVID GIBSON recently talked to a group of newspaper advertising salesmen on the value of competition. Mr. Gibson pointed out in his talk that competition is desirable. His viewpoint is so well stated, and the application to all other lines of business is so obvious, that we are printing part of it.

"Be friendly with the advertising salesmen on competing newspapers," said Mr. Gibson to his listeners.

"Set the example of fair, decent, honest competition.

"Your problems are common ones in promoting and raising the standards of advertising and aiding the merchants to move their stocks.

"You create business, make profits, for each other.

"The non-advertiser who is induced to advertise in one newspaper soon becomes an advertiser in all newspapers.

"There are points where you can get together in the interest of advertisers in general, and without affecting the initiative of any of you.

"In the days when there was only one piano store in town, there were not many pianos sold. The number of pianos in homes is in proportion to the number of piano stores, rather than a voluntary demand for these instruments.

THE DEAF WORLD

Compiled by Kelly Stevens

We see it stated in the news dispatches that a new type of telephone equipment, for the hard of hearing has been developed by the Bell Telephone Co., experts. The number of people with impaired hearing is very large and the new equipment will be manufactured in such quantities that all may be supplied. But the totally deaf will still be under the necessity of borrowing some one else's ears when they have occasion to use the telephone.—*The Kentucky Standard.*

LONDON, Feb. 14—A trial in a court here revealed that Charles Edwards, deaf and dumb, had been driving an automobile for four years thru the most congested parts of the city.

Altho his record was better than that of many men with all their senses, the jury recommended that the deaf and dumb man be prohibited from driving in the future.—*Press Dispatch.*

Note the concluding sentence:—the members of the Jury did not go by the deaf man's record,—four years without an accident in London's most congested centre;—they rendered a verdict according to their preconceived idea that a deaf man cannot drive a car with safety to others.—*Kentucky Standard.*

One of the boys informed his teacher the other day that his hearing was getting much better. The teacher suggested that it was because his adenoids had been removed recently, "Thank Dr. Jackson." But the boy claimed that the improvement was due to "Rattlesnake Oil." The teacher asked for an explanation and was informed that the boy's folks had seen an advertisement of this nostrum, for which the claim was made that it would cure deafness, and they sent off and purchased a supply and had been dosing the boy's ears with it. The use of the oil began about the same time the adenoids were removed;—was it adenoids or Rattlesnake Oil?—*Kentucky Standard.*

The Arkansas *Optic* speaks thus of an evil that every school has to contend with.

Already the superintendent has received letters from some parents requesting that their children be sent home before the close of school. This we cannot do as it is not only a violation of the law but an injustice to the deaf child. Every child is entitled to an education, none need it more than deaf children, and every parent should be willing, even anxious, for their child

to reap the benefits of what the State is endeavoring to do in an educational way for its handicapped children. Deafness and ignorance is tragic, and parental love should not deprive any deaf child of what is just and due him.—*Kentucky Standard.*

Second street passing in front of this school has been reconstructed from Walnut street south to the city limits. It is now smooth and inviting to the joy riders, who frequently whiz past at a speed from forty to fifty miles per hour. Our shops are located across the street from the school, and our pupils have occasion to cross, and recross constantly. Warnings conspicuously displayed, informing the drivers that this is a school, with the request to drive slow are unheeded, and some of our pupils have narrow escapes from death or serious injury.

Dr. Rogers went before the City Council last Tuesday evening and asked that the speed limit for the section of street between Green and Jacobs streets be fixed at ten miles per hour. Permission was also granted to erect swinging signs at each end of the street giving warning to motorists, that they must drive slow. At Dr. Rogers' request our night watchman, Mr. M. L. Reid, was made a special policeman and empowered to arrest violators of the traffic ordinance on Second street. Mr. Reid will be sworn in before long.—*Kentucky Standard.*

Mr. L. A. Long has nominated Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet for a place in the American Hall of Fame. The North Dakota *Banner* in commenting on the matter says:

"We think this a very good idea.

"The names of the Gallaudets stand out preeminently in the annals of the committee of both, to gather material are to the deaf what Washington and Lincoln are to the whole country. We think that a committee should be appointed by some strong organization, either the National Association of the Deaf or the convention of the American Instructors of the Deaf, or a joint committee of both to gather material and facts to present to the Hall of Fame committee in support of the elder Gallaudet.

There are special nominating blanks which will be sent on request. All nominations must be sent in between February 1 and March 15, but the election of candidates will be held next fall. There will not be another election until 1930, so if anything is to be done at all, it should be done right now.

—*The Kentucky Standard.*

Joseph Ledden, known on the stage as "Silent Ledden," appeared before a large audience at All Souls' Church for the Deaf in Philadelphia on January thirty-first. Mr. Ledden is booked for two or three engagements weekly right along, having already become a good drawing card for entertainment purposes. Early this month he gave a performance before the Shrine Club at the Powers Hotel and made a real hit with the audience that comprise citizens of the highest standing in business and professional circles. Bishop Brent, who was in Rochester at the time, was among those present. The Shriners have assured Mr. Ledden of their readiness to endorse him for any first-class offer that may be made to him.

Between times Mr. Ledden is an extra at the art studio of the Eastman Theatre. This studio is said to be among the finest and best equipped in the country, and Mr. Ledden, who is deeply interested in the study of stagecraft, is happy and in his element there. Those who admire the beautiful effects upon curtain or wing and the costuming for dances will be interested to know that Mr. Ledden does a large share of such work in the studio. For love of art and perseverance in a high calling we do not hesitate to give this earnest young man the palm.—*Rochester Advocate.*

Several years back Colonel Baughman of Frederick, Maryland, managed a baseball team. When he had a hard game in prospect and wanted to strengthen his team, he would get star players from the Maryland School for the Deaf. He did not argue that their deafness rendered them incapable of playing good baseball, but was mighty glad to get their services, and the deaf boys helped him win. So well did he think of their playing that he tried to get them to desert their own school team to play on his and when the authorities decided that if the school had a game the boys would have to put their full strength in the field and not play on any other team, he was peeved.

This is the Colonel Baughman, commissioner of Motor Vehicles in Maryland, who now forbids the deaf the privilege of driving their automobiles. When he could use the deaf to his own advantage, he would even ask them to forget their loyalty and duty to their own school.

We wonder if the failure to get star players off the Maryland School team soured him against the deaf.

We hope Maryland will soon be rid of such a Commissioner, who plainly shows he is unworthy of the office.—*F. J. Nessava in—The Wisconsin Times.*

An illness caused partial numbness of the left hand of Granville Redmond, and a fall on the wet pavement last January caused a fracture of the right arm above the elbow. He has been incapacitated since. As for the present, he says that the numbness has been abating by degrees and that the fracture will be healed in a short time. He is working on several small sketches with his left hand. While in school here, he used to draw as well with his left hand as with his right. He prefers left-handed work in drawing and painting. When Charlie Chaplin noticed it, he spelled "Thank God" on his fingers. He is also left-handed. Redmond has a studio in the film studios of Chaplin at Hollywood. He is known for his ability as a marine and landscape painter. Several big paintings on hand are unfinished since he was taken sick. He is one of the most jovial and best liked persons in Hollywood. When the reporter of the Los Angeles *Illustrated Daily Herald* visited him last February, 9th, Redmond said on his writing pad, "Since I came here three years ago I have taught several of the studio employees to talk on their fingers. The office stenographer is a good pupil. She and I have many pleasant chats. I don't have much to do, now that I cannot use my hands. But I expect to be back at my work in about six weeks."


—*California News.*

Among the wild people of every land there exists a sort of universal code—a language of signs and gestures which all to some degree comprehend. Col. Roosevelt learned this sign language during the period of his western adventures and to the time of his death could communicate with Indians who knew not a word of the English languages. General Hugh L. Scott, as a young lieutenant, learned the sign language of the Indians and for more than forty years he has talked to them with his hands and they of the deserts and forests reply in kind. One of the chiefs of the Cheyennes gave him the name of Mole-Ve-Gu Op, meaning "The Man-Who-Talks-With-His-Hands." Probably in all the varied history of the relations of the United States with the Indians few men have possessed such marvelous power and influence over them as does General Scott. He has been dealing with the Indians now for the past forty years; and has failed to carry his point in but two instances. Alone, or with one or two aids, Scott has faced scowling bands from dozens of he warlike tribes of the United States, and along the Mexican border, and has even exercised his hypnotic powers successfully upon the fierce Moros of the Philippines. General Scott is called one of the greatest Indian conciliators of his generation.—*The California News.*

Michael Hamra is now the idol of all the deaf people who own cars. Some time ago this month he received a letter from the County Court House advising him that the Commissioner had received a complaint that he was unfit to drive a car and suggested that he appear before a board to prove that he is able to drive a car. Mr. Hamra lost no time in getting to the Court House and then faced

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a barrage of questions hurled at his head by several men who were responsible for the safety of the people of New Haven as far as driving cars on the streets were concerned. They were greatly interested when he informed them that he had been driving a car for two years and that he has yet to feel the Cop's hand on his shoulder for over-speeding the limit or for crashing into another car. To prove beyond any reasonable doubt that he was able to drive a car carefully, he offered to take the Commissioner for a spin thru the streets where traffic is unusually heavy. Of course he got in the car with Mr. Hamra and after ten blocks' ride, he decided that Mr. Hamra was fit to keep his license for life and told him so. The next day Mr. Hamra was greatly surprised to find his name in the papers in large black letters telling about the incident and that the commissioner had said, "Mr. Hamra is a more careful driver than most of the normal people simple because he has to be. So I will let him keep his license."—*New Era.*

The annual big crowd of deaf people from all parts of New York City, and vicinity was at St. Ann's Church, Easter Sunday, at 3:00 p.m. The pews were filled solid, and 150 extra chairs were set up in the vestibule to accommodate the overflow. Many deaf people who are not members of the Church, were present to take a look at the gathering.

The altar was decorated with lilies and carnations. In the middle of the retable, above the altar and below the cross, could be seen the newly-dedicated altar plate, a gift, and also the artistic workmanship, of Mr. William Lippens. It is a finely engraved and enameled mediæval design depicting the Crucifixion. A suitable frame of special design will be made for it later.

The service of Holy Communion was conducted by the Rev. John H. Kent, assisted by the Rev. Donald Millar, curate of the Church of St. Timothy. Mr. Kent's sermon was on the subject "Success through Failure," based on the Resurrection. He showed that very often what looks like failure is really the means of reaching success of a different kind. The Rev. Mr. Kent's vigorous signs held the attention of the congregation throughout his discourse.

The choir was composed of Misses Eleanor Sherman, Doris Ballance, Jessie Garrick, Wanda Makowsa, Doris Pat-

erson and Mrs. Elise Funk. The procession was led by Otto Johnson as crucifer, and Charles Koobloch bearing the American flag. The whole service was enjoyable and a delight to the eye.

—*Journal.*

The Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes has again been remembered in the disposal of a large estate. By the will of Juliet C. Delafield, who died on March 27th, at her home, 58 East 56th Street, The Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes, 511 West 148th Street, is bequeathed \$40,000. Three other institutions receive a like amount—namely, St. Mary's Free Hospital for Children, the Protestant Episcopal Orphans' Home, and the Children's Hospital of Washington, D. C.—*Deaf-Mutes' Journal.*

THE HARRISBURG DEAF

Harrisburg has a fine group of deaf people in its borders and vicinity. I suppose we might call them the "Capitol Hill" group. I looked with all my eyes for an idler among them but the deaf do not produce idlers nor beggars. I located thirty-eight members of the capital city family, all employed. You can't beat that record. They have ambition, too. They are planning to build a church, and have already quite a sizable nest egg as a beginning. They plan to build in two or three years. From what I can learn, if all of the people of Harrisburg were like our deaf, all policemen would become traffic cop.

SOLVING THE RADIO FOR DEAF SCHOOLS.

When Doctors Day and Fusfeld made a survey of this school, all of the children were tested for hearing by the audiometer. Many children thought to be totally deaf had a remnant of hearing from five to twenty-five per cent. Others known to be partially deaf had as high as fifty per cent.

This naturally put one to thinking. The school had never purchased a radio. That seemed to be the only hope of utilizing this remnant hearing for pleasure, if not for increasing it. We well knew that our good friend La Crosse of the Wright Oral School says that residual hearing can not be increased but only the ability to use it may

be cultivated. We have said many things today that we change tomorrow.

But to make the radio usable and practical for the pupils just that was our problem. A large supper Hetrodyen Radiola was purchased and put in the center hall. A long table was made, properly wired and fitted with twenty head phones. By plugging into the Radiola these phones are all brought into service. When not in use they hang on the rim of the table. Several times a day pupils surround the table, take up the phones and listen for 20 to 30 minutes.

It is surprising the number of children that enjoy it. There is a schedule which gives every child who cares to participate thirty minutes, three times a week. So far there has been no let up of enthusiasm. Many of the children are reluctant to leave when thirty minutes expire.

The twenty head phones will be increased shortly, so that everyone in turn may be accommodated for a few minutes every day.

Thus it is hoped that much may be done in a very pleasant way to increase the hearing of a number of children.

Note that we say it "it is hoped" and not that "it is sure."—*Ohio Chronicle*.

COURT HOLDS DEAFNESS NO PLEA FOR BAUGHMAN

APPEAL OF DEAF CITIZEN FROM BAUGHMAN'S REFUSAL TO GRANT LICENSE IS DISMISSED

While dismissing the appeal of L. Byrd Brushwood, a deaf-mute of Aberdeen, from Commissioner of Motor Vehicles Baughman's refusal to grant him a license, the three judges hearing the case in Bel Air last Saturday held that deafness in itself is not a sufficient cause for Baughman to refuse an automobile driver's license.

Brushwood was never given a test as a driver by the Commissioner's office, but was refused a trial because he was deaf.

Colonel Baughman, supported by State Roads Commissioner John N. Mackall, represented by Attorney-General Thomas H. Robinson and Assistant Attorney-General Herbert Levy, and with the testimony of an array of medical specialists showed in theory that the deaf were incompetent to drive on Maryland roads. Mr. Brushwood, represented by Edwin H. Harlan and John W. Cornin, proved his ability by his record of having driven 12,000 miles over the State in two years without a mishap; that another deaf who has had an operator's license for eight years has driven thousands of miles in many different cars without an accident, and that many hundreds of deaf motorists from other states operated in Maryland with no accidents reported. New Jersey is the only other state which tries to prevent deaf from securing drivers' cards. Dr. Percival Hall, President of the famous Gallaudet College for the deaf, and Prof. Ignatius Bjorlee, of the Maryland School for the Deaf, both testified as to the absolute ability of the experienced deaf to drive cars, both in theory and in practice, they each having traveled many miles with various deaf drivers.

Many local citizens testified that Mr. Brushwood was an exceptional good driver.

The case will no doubt again be heard in Court in the near future.

Judges Offutt, Harlan, and Preston were not unanimous in their opinion and probably a minority and majority opinion will be filed.—*The Democrat, Bel Air, Md., February 20.*

MAKING THE DEAF "SCAPEGOATS"

To the Editor of the Post—Sir: I am deaf and have been driving motor cars for fifteen years. Hence my interest in your editorial, commenting favorably on Maryland's stand in refusing drivers' licenses to deaf people.

One is tempted to believe that you have fallen into the common error of prejudging the case from theory rather than from the actual performance of deaf drivers on the road and the tabulated records in relation thereto.

Are you aware of the fact that—Few drivers of the big noisy trucks that are met on all highways, are able to hear signal horns, police whistles, or even the whistles of approaching trains?

Drivers in closed sedans hear signals greatly muffled or not at all?

Maryland and New Jersey apparently are the only States that have taken the stand you so highly laud.

In Massachusetts licenses are freely given to deaf drivers who can pass the required road examination. Yet the registrar of motor vehicles in Massachusetts has said that the records of the State do not reveal a single accident attributable to deafness.

In Massachusetts, traffic is highly congested, its old towns have narrow streets and blind corners which necessitate extreme care in driving, and on its country roads, winding in and out among the hills, the view is obscured in a way unknown to either Maryland or New Jersey.

Liability insurance companies look upon deaf people as safe risks, because of their inherent extreme caution, and careful observance of road rules.

God knows that an influential paper entering on a campaign to improve road conditions and make the highways safer for all of us, deserves the support of all good citizens. But why make the deaf the scapegoat? The police court records of many cities show that when doctors have been called in to examine the Monday morning crop of motor law violators, an astounding situation has been revealed. People with dangerously defective vision and men with the mental equipment of children were driving cars.

Why not a campaign to rid us of such incompetents, the inattentive, those lacking the needful coordination of mind and muscle, the drinkers, the bootleggers, the known criminals?

When the standard of license-giving has been raised so that the deaf and hard-of-hearing drivers are at the bottom of the list in point of safety and capability of performance instead of near the top, as they are at present, then I for one will cheerfully support your platform, give up my own license and urge that other deaf drivers be forced to do likewise.—*Walter Olcott Smith in Washington Post, March 5*

K. S. D. GYMNASIUM BEST IN THE SOUTH

The new gymnasium at the Kentucky School for the Deaf, which is now under construction, is going to be one of the best ever put up in the Southern states. Most of the gymnasiums at American colleges were built in the era when winter indoor athletics largely consisted of apparatus work on parallel, horizontal bars, and the like. When the new school of thinkers in the field of physical culture went out with their theory that apparatus work simply built useless muscle, without any of the benefits which come from pleasurable recreation and the coordination of muscle with nervous control, there immediately grew up a demand for games that could be played indoors. An experiment with an old, round, gum football and some wooden peach baskets resulted in the modern game of basketball, which has now come to be the king of winter sports throughout America in the section of the country too far south for ice hockey.

As the game was first played a very small floor was thought to be all that was required. The ball was batted and snacked around the floor in a sort of volley ball or hot-hand fashion until Mr. L. A. Long has nominated Thopeach-basket goal. Our gymnasiums were all built in this period of basketball's infancy.

The game has now developed into a beautiful, open contest, requiring large space in which to dodge, dribble, pivot, turn, and pass. The rules of the game are being written by men who have in mind floors ninety feet long by sixty wide. Our gymnasiums, built so recently at such great cost and with so much pride, have suddenly become obsolete. The handsome gymnasiums at the Danville High School, Centre and K. C. W. are comparatively small.

Dr. Rogers and those members of the building committee who were responsible for making the K.S.D. gymnasium large enough for the maximum standard basketball court, are to be congratulated for their foresight. The small additional expense which they are making will avoid building again for another hundred years.

Mr. William Shadoan, who as a player and coach has visited most of the gymnasiums of the South and Middle West, states that the K.S.D. gymnasium court, with its white maple floor which will neither splinter, buckle, or warp, is going to be the most ideal one that he has ever seen. Of course, the basketball house of the University of Kentucky is large enough for three standard maximum floors and will accommodate a much larger crowd than the K.S.D. gymnasium, but from the standpoint of lighting, floor surface, freedom from obstacles of every kind, and the arrangement for taking care of the audience, the K.S.D. gymnasium is the most perfect that Mr. Shadoan has ever seen.

Mr. Augustus Rogers spoke feelingly yesterday afternoon when he said, "I have waited twenty-five years for this building, but now that we have it I believe that it is worth having waited for."

—*Danville Daily Messenger.*

THE AUTO DRIVER IN NEW JERSEY

So many deaf-mutes have approached the editor of this paper, with queries about the new automobile law in its rela-

tion to drivers' licenses, that we give all the prominence possible to the subjoined letter from Mr. W. W. Beadell, to whom the passage of the law is largely due. He is head of the Committee of the National Association of the Deaf, which organization tries to prevent any infringement upon the rights of the deaf of the entire United States. Read carefully what Mr. Beadell writes, and future uncertainty will be avoided. The State of New Jersey will not oppose the issuance of drivers' licenses to the deaf, if they make good on all other qualifications.

The formal interpretation of House Bill No. 422 by Attorney General Edward L. Katzenbach, announced on Wednesday last, marks the final chapter in the efforts of the deaf of New Jersey to regain, after ten years, their right to drive automobiles in the State. The bill in question is an amendment to that part of the New Jersey Traffic Act placing unhampered discretion in the hands of the Commissioner of Motor Vehicles to refuse licenses to whomsoever he considers "an improper person, and reads as follows:

"***provided, however, that no physical defect of the applicant shall debar him or her from receiving a license unless it can be shown by common experience that such defect incapacitates him or her from safely operating a motor vehicle."

The Commissioner, who had exercised his discretion to the exclusion of deaf drivers from the time of his appointment in 1915, was very much opposed to the adoption of so fair a proposition as this, and himself sought an opinion on the new law from the Attorney General. Mr. Katzenbach's reply is a clear-cut statement not only of the meaning of the bill, but of the rights of the people in general, and should be carefully preserved and used wherever an attempt is made to limit those rights. After adopting as his own the wording of the bill to the effect that a person suffering from a physical defect is not necessarily "an improper person" to be granted a license, "unless it can be shown that such defect incapacitates from safely driving a motor vehicle," the Attorney General continues:

"Common knowledge, it seems to me, would indicate that any person who has lost a limb or was suffering from paralysis would be incapable of safely operating a motor vehicle, but I do not understand that common experience has shown that a deaf person can not with safety operate an automobile.

"I therefore advise you that a deaf person does not come within the designation of "an improper person" as used in the act, and unless he suffers from physical defects other than deafness, which would otherwise incapacitate him from safely operating a motor vehicle, such a deaf person is entitled to be licensed, having first complied with all the conditions of the original act."

Contrary to expectations, Governor Silzer was at first determined to veto the bill, giving as his only reason that it was disapproved by the Motor Vehicle Commissioner and that discretion in the matter should remain with the latter. It will be recalled that the House of Assembly passed the bill 39 to 9 and the Senate without a single opposing vote.

This evident popularity of the measure with members of the Legislature had no effect on the Governor. Members and party leaders were unable to change his determination. On the last day of the session, his veto message was given out and was published in the afternoon papers of that day. Then in the late afternoon, the Governor's secretary appeared on the floor of the Assembly and handed in the bill "with the ink still wet on the signature," as one member stated.

Requests have come to me for copies of our "brief" and information as to how we did the seeming impossible in the State that was a leader in opposing the deaf motorist. We used nothing that could be called a brief—merely a leaflet that could be read in a very few minutes, and with closely-condensed paragraphs indicating reasons for not opposing the adoption of the bill. Copies of this and of the bill were sent to every member of the Legislature at his home address, under cover of a personal letter. Those who replied were answered at length by me or were referred to someone in their own districts—the latter being requested at the same time to follow up.

Our chief reliance—and this is something I feel sure can be accomplished in any State—was personal solicitation of support from the party leaders of both parties, in and out of the Legislature. We had with us throughout the real political powers. This does not mean "working a pull," for these men were brought to understand and sympathize with the aim of the bill to create a situation compelling fair treatment where none heretofore had been accorded by the Commissioner.

They really had to be "shown." In almost every instance their reaction was that of the normal hearing man. Allow the deaf to drive automobiles? Not on your life! He couldn't hear my horn and let me pass on the road. I have trouble enough now getting by. And so on. Then the explanation that the deaf driver with his mirror never causes such difficulty; that there are thousands of him already on the roads of other States; that the trouble is due to drivers with normal hearing who are deafened by roaring engines or enclosed cars and who depend upon their hearing; that every tendency of traffic regulation and safety device is toward sight-signaling, where not already established; that deaf persons know best their own abilities and shortcomings and that they are not members of the Suicide Club; that in those States where records are kept of the causes of accidents the testimony is overwhelmingly in favor of the deaf driver as a safe driver, and that in only two States of the Union is he prohibited from driving. The result of the presentation of facts as opposed to theory is evidenced in the way the vote went in the two houses.

The New Jersey law is not effective until July 4th. One feature of the Attorney General's opinion, however, is an interpretation of the law as it formerly stood and may at once go into effect. He declared that a deaf person is not "an improper person" to receive a license, and this without reference to the newly adopted amendment.—W. W. Beadell, in *Deaf-Mutes' Journal*.

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Ho! For Lake Madison

The Executive Committee of the South Dakota Association for the Advancement of the Deaf has decided on June 24 to 29, 1925, as the date and Lake Madison as the place for holding the next reunion.

Lake Madison, four miles out from the city of Madison, S. D., is an ideal recreation spot and just the place for the deaf to have their reunion. At Lake Park Hotel good meals can be had on the cafeteria plan at a reasonable price and rooms can be had at \$1.25 each person. Those who wish to bring their own tent will find camping and cooking facilities excellent. Here, also, you will find boating, bathing and fishing on par with any spot anywhere.

To every deaf of the state and to the deaf of the neighboring states the Executive Committee bids a hearty welcome.

An interesting program is being prepared, including sports. Wednesday, June 24, will go on the program as arriving and registration day. The reunion will officially end Sunday evening and Monday, the 29th, will be going home day.

BIRTHS

January 5, 1924, at Syracuse, N. Y., to Mr. and Mrs. John W. Sears, a girl.

December 14, 1924, at Oxford, N. Y., to Mr. and Mrs. John E. Stafford, a girl.

February 23, 1925, at Sandy Creek, N. Y., to Mr. and Mrs. Bertha (Roberts) Rodgers, a girl.

April 6, 1925, at Syracuse, N. Y., to Mr. and Mrs. Rozelle Ackerman, a son.

April 14, 1925, at Lowell, Mass., to Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Henry Yokela, a girl. The mother was, before marriage, Germame Beauchemin, of Fitchburg, Mass.

DEATHS

October 29, 1924, at Buffalo, N. Y., Jacob Remlander.

March 10, 1925, at Green Island, N. Y., Levinne Van Zandt, aged 84 years.

March 15, 1925, at Syracuse, N. Y., Ellen Wills, widow of Edward E. Miles, of Syracuse, aged 59 years.

March 16, 1925, at Rochester, N. Y., Charles Gibbs.

April 5, 1925, at Syracuse, N. Y., Gertrude Beekman McGovern.

MARRIAGES

April 8, 1925, at Los Angeles, Calif., James H. McMechen, of Los Angeles, to Mrs. Ida Lowe, of Eagle Rock, California.

April 16, 1925, at Portland, Oregon, Mrs. Guie Leo Deliglio, to William Frederick Cooke.

May 9, 1925, at Sacramento, California, Beatrice Estelle Latta to Mr. Phillips Frisbie Lewis, of Oakland, California.

The Buff and Blue

a college magazine

Published by the Undergraduates

of

Gallaudet College

The only college for the Deaf
in the world

The Buff and Blue is a literary publication containing short stories, essays, and verse, contributed by students and Alumni. The Athletics, Alumni and Local departments and the Kappa Gamma Fraternity notes are of great interest to those following Gallaudet activities.

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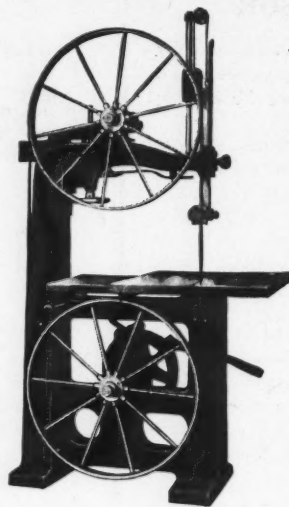
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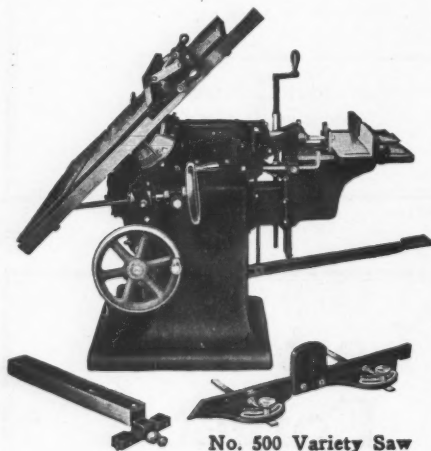
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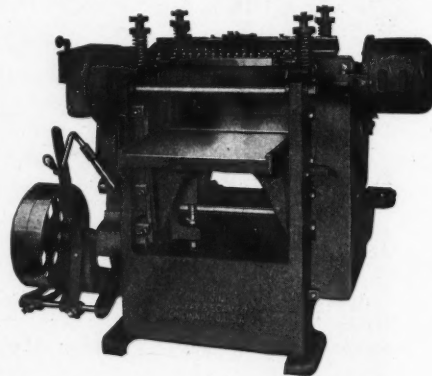
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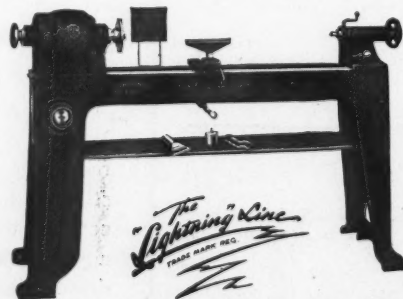
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Town of Don't You Worry

By I. J. Bartlett

HERE is a town called Dont-You-
Worry,

On the banks of River Smile,
Where the Cheer-up and Be-Happy
Blossoms sweet all the while.
Where the Never-grumble flower
Blooms beside the fragrant Try,
And the Ne'er-Give-Up and Patience
Point their faces to the sky.

In the valley of Contentment,
In the province of I-Will,
You will find this lovely city,
At the foot of No-Fret hill,
There are thoroughfares delightful
In this very charming town,
And on every hand are shade trees
Named the Very-Seldom-Frown.

Rustic benches quite enticing
You'll find scattered here and
there;

And to each a vine is clinging
Called the Frequent-Earnest-
Prayer.

Everybody there is happy,
And is singing all the while
In the town of Don't-You-Worry,
On the bank of River Smile.